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A TANGLED SKEIN.

BY M. M. P.

Our life is like a tangled skein
  Of silks of varied hue,
Where ruby red runs into brown,
  And purple into blue.

Dull shades of green get knotted fast
  In spite of watchful care,
And now and then a golden thread
  Peeps brightly here and there!

And like a tangled skein, our life
  Unravels day by day,
Until at last the golden threads
  Are blended with the gray—

Until the Hand that holds them all,
  And works so patiently,
Shades in the colors side by side,
  Just where each one should be.

IN SEVERED PATHS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "WITH THIS RING I WED THEE," ETC.

CHAPTER III.—[CONTINUED.]

HAROLD turned sharply, and then saw leaning against a book-case a large painting with the frame shattered by its fall. Estrild had been standing before it during their interview, hence it had escaped his notice, his eyes naturally being filled only with her sweet face. Now, as Prior took a heavy candlestick from the table and held it before it, he saw a dark, pale face gleam out of the canvas, with sad, worn, searching eyes, and a long thin hand resting on the hip, beneath the black armor in which the figure was portrayed.

As he turned, he tried to avoid Prior's questioning eyes; but the man had seen his startled look, and was answered. He replaced the candlestick on the table with a trembling hand.

"I've been here, sir, man and boy, for fifty years," he said quietly. "I was fifteen when I first saw that picture fall, and come to life, as one may say, and old Mr. Carteonellis was brought home dead. Twenty years ago it fell, and came to life again, and his son, my dear master, was drowned. Miss Estrild is calling you, sir."

"What do you mean by 'came to life'?" asked Harold impatiently, and yet in a low tone, for he heard a soft step coming down the hall.

"You've seen, sir, for yourself, what I mean. Yes, miss—Mr. Olver is coming; he's been giving me some orders about his luggage."

Estrild stood at the door, and looked from one to the other. Harold felt as if ghosts, mysteries, fears, and whistling horseman were painted visibly on his bronzed countenance. He broke into an abrupt laugh, with some apology for keeping supper waiting.

"It is of no consequence," returned Estrild, "since I have only cold pheasant for you. Oh, you have been examining the portrait of the 'Black Crusader', as we call him! I'll give you his history, by-and-bye, to undo Prior's superstitious account of him. He was not so black as he is painted."

"He has a painful face. I should burn him if he belonged to me," said Harold—"or sell him, perhaps."

The girl laughed.

"That has been tried two or three times—so the story goes—and he always comes back."

They passed into the dining-room hand-in-hand, and the happy love which ran through their young veins chased away for a time the forebodings which each perhaps secretly felt.

In fatigue, darkness, and cold a man may be superstitious, especially if leariness be added to these discomforts. "Leariness" is an old word, out of use except among the peasantry—sole conservatives of ancient things—but it expresses so exactly the sadness and weariness of hunger that no other word can so precisely fill its place. "I am lone and leary," says a poor, old, forlorn woman living on parish pay. "I go leary away," says the beggar in the West, when driven from a door.

All through his journey Harold Olver had been "leary"; but a good supper, a cheery fire, and the bright presence of the one he loved, whose every look brought happiness, had changed his feelings completely. All was joy and peace; the world was an easy-going, natural, homely place; everything was as good and full of daylight as daisies; to-morrow would be as pleasant as to-day, and pleasanter. Life, like a rush of sunshine, ran through his veins, as this aspect of the universe was the true one at the time—for youth, and innocence, and fair love are good; and when a man and woman have these, all the power of darkness cannot touch them with fear.

The lovers did not talk much; they were too intensely happy and too new to their happiness at first for overflowing speech. But, when, sitting after supper by a clear wood-fire in the ancient hall, their being together seemed no longer such a strange, wonderful thing, but grew to be a natural, homely, comfortable fact, the flood-gates of speech were opened.

They laughed, they chatted, they kissed, they forgot time and sorrow. But love's language is the same all over the world, and this was best spoken in the short, soft silences which fell at times upon them, when Estrild's head rested on her lover's shoulder and his brown hand parted her dark locks, that he might better see the clear deep blue eyes which looked into his and smiled.

The fitful fire-flame flickered on the coats of mail, and battered helmets, and faded portraits hanging on the walls, and, glancing around on them, Harold said laughingly:

"This must be a grand place for ghosts, Estrild. I suppose you have any amount of them wandering about in the old rooms, haven't you?"

To his surprise she answered his jest in a grave tone.

"It is near midnight—not a time to talk of such things. I'll tell you all the Langarth ghost-stories to-morrow in the sunshine."

"Well, and then you'll let me explore the old place with you, which you know I have never done yet?"

"Oh, yes, if you like!"

"It must be wonderfully ancient," continued Harold.

"Yes—some part of it."

"Ah, I remember your brother telling me that you have an old dungeon, and staircase, and some other cranky dismal remains left of the original castle built in the time of the Crusaders."

"Hark!" exclaimed Estrild, starting up suddenly. "Do you hear nothing?"

"No," he answered, pressing her into her seat again by his side. "There is not a sound stirring except the wind."

"Oh, I was in hopes it was Tristram's step."

"It is only the rain pattering on the gravel. I am glad it is raining; the wind will go down now."

"You don't think there is any danger at sea?" said Estrild, flushing with the fever of her thoughts.

"None whatever for such a good ship as the Revenue cutter."

"Oh, I wish Tristram was not with the Preventive men to-night!"

"What makes him so mad lately against our friend, the smugglers?" questioned Harold.

"It's a long story," said Estrild; "and it rises out of many events. But the war began through their hiding kegs in a cave which runs up from the cliff beneath our park; I have never shown you the place, but, strangely enough, about half a mile or more from the sea, there is a great rift or opening into it near a spring called the 'Mermaid's Well.' In wild weather the sea rushes up through the cave and fills the well with salt water. That is the time when a boat can enter the cave and kegs can be floated up to a spot where the receding tide leaves them dry and secure. Then, you perceive, if there were no other safe way of removing them, men could descend through the rift I have named, and could haul them up through the opening by means of ropes."

"It must be a pretty large chasm," observed Harold.

"It is fearful. It looks narrow from a little distance; but no man could leap over it—even the deer don't try—and the roar of the sea when it boils and chafes through the cave is appalling—it shakes one's nerves to hear it. I never go near the chasm in stormy weather. Well, about a year ago the Preventive-service men made a search in the place and found half a ship's cargo, I believe; and the discovery cast a slur on my brother's name. On one side he was suspected of knowing and conniving at the fact; and by the smugglers he was accused of betraying them. They declared that his father and grandfather had had many a good cask of brandy in return for the use of the cave; so now they called Tristram a traitor to the old stock, and said he had sold them for money."

"Well, I dare say in the old days your grandfather may have accepted a gift of French brandy and winked at the hauling of kegs through his park," said Harold jocularly.

"But Tristram never did," returned Estrild warmly. "And now these shameful slanders have made bad blood between him and the poor people around us."

"Who are all friends of the smugglers," said Harold, laughing.

"Oh, don't laugh! I have been quite unhappy lately."

"You mean since Tristram has declared war against them and allied himself with the enemy?"

"Well, yes. I mean since he has put himself on the side of law and order, and has given out that on no part of his land, or, if he can prevent it, under the cliffs bordering it, will he allow a shelter to be found for contraband goods."

"That's rather strong" said Harold; and he broke into a whistle, but checked himself with a start of vexation, for unwittingly there had issued from his lips the first notes of that wild air which, like the sound of an unseen stream by a mountain path, had followed his course that night and crept in an undercurrent through all his thoughts.

Estrild, looking wild and strange, had seized him by the arm ere the sound had died on his lips.

"Hark!" she whispered. "In a moment we shall hear the answer. It always comes, people say, in time of danger."

And then, after a second's silence, as they stood together, she clinging to him, the notes were repeated with clear distinctness, sweet and shrill, apparently from just without the window. After a moment's hesitation, in which Harold had listened with quickened breath, he dashed forward towards the casement; but Estrild held him back with all her strength, and, with a rapid change of thoughts, he yielded to her will.

"It is an echo," he said, "and a curious one. But perhaps it comes only when the wind lies in a certain quarter."

CHAPTER IV.

"Where did you hear that tune?" asked Estrild, putting aside Harold's suggestion that the echo came only when the wind was in a certain quarter.

"I have heard you sing it to me," he answered, in his gayest way.

"No, never. I know of no words to it."

"Well, then, you have played it," he rejoined.

"Oh, no, no; there is reason why I never should!"

"But you have the music?"

"Yes, in manuscript copied by my grandmother. But she never played that old air after her husband's sad death. There is a curious superstitious feeling about it in our family. My grandmother called it the 'Crusaders' Chant'—I don't know if that is its right name."

"It will do for it at all events," said Harold. "And now you are going to knock down the family bogy and play it for me at once."

The girl looked at him with sudden tears in her eyes.

"If you knew the story of that man whose picture fell to-night, you would not ask me."

"Indeed I would. I want to dispel your foolish fancies. We should always grapple with this kind of nonsense and bowl it over. Come, darling—do play this queer old tune to oblige me!"

A little more coaxing, a kiss or two on the fair soft cheek, and Estrild, yielded, though her heart was heavy with a sad reluctant foreboding.

The old yellow manuscript was searched for and found, and soon beneath her skilful fingers the mournful chant rang out solemnly through the large silent room, while the weird echo without repeated the strain fitfully, and bore it away on the wind's wings into the night's darkness.

As she played, Harold leaned over her caressingly.

"You see, darling, I was right about the echo. I wanted you to be convinced."

She looked up at him with eyes full of strange, expectant fear; then, as the last chord died away beneath her fingers, and her hands dropped upon the keys, there sprang into the sudden silence the deep boom of a gun at sea.

"What is it? What has happened?" she cried wildly.

"Nothing," answered Harold, hiding his own anxiety. "It is only a harmless shot fired by the cutter's men to show the smugglers they are in earnest."

"Oh, I cannot believe you! Prior—Prior"—for the old man was standing at the door with a white, grave face—"what is happening? Who is firing?"

"I came in to tell you, miss, lest you should be frightened. I heard master say before he left, that he should ask the captain of the cutter to fire a shot when nearing home, just to let us know that all was safe."

Estrild sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands.

"Thank Heaven!" she said softly.

As her head drooped, the old man looked at her wistfully, as if thinking his falsehood would not avail to give her peace for long. Then he turned and met Harold with a gaze which the latter understood and obeyed.

"My dear Estrild, you must go to rest," he said. "It is very late."

"But Tristram," she answered—"surely he will be home soon now; and I must wait——"

"The cutter can't be in till morning, miss," interposed Prior. "You see the wind is dead against her now."

He looked imploringly at Harold for help, and his voice shook a little in spite of his efforts to keep it steady.

"My darling," said Harold, in a low voice, as he took Estrild's hand, "you hear what Prior says? You see it would be unreasonable to sit up; and, to own the truth, I am dead tired myself, and longing for sleep. But, of course, if you persist in your wish to stay up, I shall do the same."

Estrild raised her eyes to his face, then she looked at Prior; both men bore her gaze steadily with reassuring calm mien. A sigh broke from her lips; then she rose and held out both her hands towards Harold.

"I don't think you would both deceive me," she said piteously. "I should be selfish to keep you from rest after your long journey. Yes, I will do as you ask—I will try to sleep. Good night."

Upon hearing her say this, Prior discreetly retired, and then Harold took his love within the circle of his arm, and with soothing words succeeded in restoring her to calmness. So a final good night was said at last almost cheerfully.

They had mounted the stairs together, and in the long, dim corridor where they had parted Harold now stood in pained thought.

The sound of the gun at sea, which, like a dull blow, had struck the windows of the house, was still vibrating in his ears. Now that he could think of it alone, it made the blood leap in his veins.

If a fight was going on he would fain be in it; the warrior instinct of his own warm youth grew hot about his heart. Nor was it this alone which moved him; formless, wordless there lay beneath all a something unseen, unheard, which yet beckoned and spoke in a voiceless, viewless way, and was nevertheless stronger than the cry to arms or the sight of a foe's face.

The vague fear which had crept like a trail of blood through all the hours of the night, and which hitherto he had held from him with both hands, roused him now into action.

That night-rider, around whom the peasantry had thrown a shadow of superstitious horror, was surely a swift messenger from one of those rich traders who secretly owned some of the smuggling craft on this wild coast. He had come to warn them and set them on the defensive, and maybe a battle was raging even now while he stood there supine.

There are times when reason persuades us into beliefs or disbeliefs which an underlying and deeper feeling protests against. This was the case now with Harold Oliver, and with silent steps he went in search of Prior.

The old man had put out the lamps and was dosing wearily in an arm-chair in his own sanctum. He rubbed his eyes and looked up at Harold in dazed a way.

"Now, Prior, what does that gun at sea mean? It does not signify in the least what you said, I presume?"

"The Lord forgive me for lying," returned Prior piously. "But there, even if He don't, what can it matter what falls upon me so that Miss Estrild gets rest and strength to bear what the morning may bring? That shot means danger to the cutter, sir; or, more likely still, it means there's a fight going on somewheres out there in the storm and darkness."

"Well, old fellow, if there is, I mean to get into the midst of it as quickly as I can. Your master keeps boats, I know."

"There's a good sea-going boat in our cove, sir."

"Then can we call a crew together of honest men who will launch it and venture out with me to your master's aid in spite of wild weather?"

"Men, sir? Plenty who care as little for a rough sea as they do for a smooth one; but it's the job they won't like. We shan't find men willing to go out against their friends and brothers. Oh, why didn't master keep to the good old ways of his forefathers? The folks around would have died for a Carbonellis then; now he is looked on as an enemy."

"See here, Prior, it is no time for talk. Gather your wits together and think of the few true men—servants, keepers, any one who can row—who will make up a scratch crew and come with me to-night."

"They'll be marked men—they'll be hated ever after," said Prior, rising slowly. "But they can all row well enough—we are used to the sea down here."

"Then rouse them up quickly and quietly. I am afraid the Preventive men are getting the worst of it to-night."

The old man's eyes turned upon him with a flash of fire in them.

"If master wasn't with that gang, I shouldn't be sorry. I'll go now and rouse my son, and he'll get the men together and have the boat ready in half an hour or less."

Left alone, Harold took up a small lamp, and, impelled by feelings which he did not analyze, went to the library. Here, placing the light near the fallen portrait, he stood contemplating it, yet not seeing the painted face, but the living one of the sad stranger who had sat opposite to him in the boat and ridden past him with drooping head and dejected mien beneath overhanging boughs.

The picture was painted on panel; it was hard and crude, and yet it had that unmistakable seal upon it which proved it the true similitude of the living man whom it represented. It was a worn, sad warrior face, having the strange shining look in the eyes which is said to forbode an early or a violent death.

Minutes passed swiftly as Harold stood overwhelmed by that dim groping search which at times perplexes the human mind. Like a blind man stretching his hands into the darkness, so does the soul at rare moments seek to enter the unseen and make tangible to the sense those things which a sure instinct teaches her are real though hidden.

Throughout nature we find in instinct cause and reason; no instinct has ever proved to be untrue. If this be the case in natural things, we may surely deem it so in those which, in our ignorance, we name supernatural.

To the dark edge of that material ground on which we all stand there comes at times from the Infinite beyond a light that gleams, a shape that beckons, a shadow that speaks.

Shall we deny their existence because, in belonging to another world, they can only come to the threshold of this? Or, in plainer words, because the laws of our existence and theirs differ, therefore, they can touch only for a moment, perhaps with mutual risk, as the denizens of air and water may each stand on the verge of the other's element for a little space, but can never enter it and live.

As Harold Oliver stood face to face with this portrait of a dead man—a man who had lived and died centuries before, whose history was to him a blank—he felt that it was nevertheless interwoven with his own life, and he was in the presence of a mystery which touched his innermost being. He was going he knew not whither, in regions beyond the senses, and his strained nerves almost caught the clue, almost grasped the solution, and saw the secret shape of the vision before him, when, with a start, a human voice brought him back to earth.

It was a relief, and he turned eagerly to greet, as he thought Tristram Carbonellis. But he saw no one.

Startled, he sprang to the door and opened it; but the hall was empty, and the dim length of the great staircase before him bore no sound of footfall. He placed the lamp upon a table and passed his hand across his forehead in wonder.

Who had spoken, and what had the voice said? It was strange; but he was somewhat dazed, and he could not recall the words. They had sounded clear and distinct when he heard them; but now they were gone.

He returned to the library and searched it through, but found no one, and knew he should find no one.

Prior's step sounded now through the hall, and Prior's voice called his name, bringing him back to healthier life.

"The boat is ready, sir. Ah, you're looking at the old picture! It is more like the living man than the dead, if he is a living man."

"You mean the strange visitor who preceded me and then rode away? I have been thinking, Prior, that he was a messenger to the smugglers, and perhaps some compunction, some dread of consequences, led him to come here to give your master warning also. Then at the last moment he repented of that impulse, and rode away without speaking."

They were passing through the hall as Harold said this, and Prior did not answer till both were out in the free air beneath the stormy sky.

"Twenty years ago he came and went in the same way, sir, and fifteen before that he gave us warning too; but his warnings have naught to do with things of this world. Take that path, sir, and you can't miss the way to the little cove where the boat lies. There you'll find the men. God speed you, Mr. Harold! Don't provoke wrath if you can help it—leave angry men alone."

CHAPTER V.

A ROUGH sea at night, with dark and driving clouds above, and tumbling waves, whose abysses were darker still, beneath, and a frail boat holding lives between these two. Whosoever has not grasped an oar at such a time, and with hand, and eye, and ear alert, striven to fight for dear life against the strength of that strongest of all deaths, the sea, has not tasted of true danger, or felt through every thrilling nerve the loveliness of life.

The darkness deepened as the winter night wore on to morning, and the cold strengthened, but the wind lulled, and the waves fell into smoother, calmer lengths. In the rush of the wind the men, however, had scarce heard each other's voices, nor had they tried to speak; but now the strain was over, the battle was fought, and each man felt a lightening of his heart.

Not a sound was on the sea save the beat of their own oars, not a speck was visible save the faint reflection of the stars in the deep dark of the heaving waters. Steadily through the dying storm and the night silence the crew rowed on, a pale gleam of phosphoric light shining on their path, then vanishing into swift darkness.

They had rowed thus for an hour without result—no sail had come phantom-like across the water, no stroke of oars had broken the monotonous moaning of the sea; but now, ever and anon, they saw near by what seemed the white crest of a wave, which fell into darkness, then rose again nearer, and gained upon them in a strange, silent way, till, gliding close by, it loomed out suddenly as a long white boat impelled by muffled oars and full of armed men.

"Hallo!" shouted Harold springing up.

"Boat from his Majesty's cutter, the 'Alert'," responded a voice. "Yield or we fire!"

"We are not smugglers," returned Harold—"boat from Langarth, manned by Mr. Carbonellis' servants. We are seeking him. Is he with you? Can you give us tidings of him?"

There was a sudden silence in the Preventive service boat, followed by a short whispered conversation between the officer in charge and the coxswain.

"Mr. Carbonellis is on board the 'Alert', and I am glad you have come," said the former in a hesitating voice, as he raised his cap to Harold. "The 'Alert' lies just within that point yonder; you can head it now that the wind has fallen. I am sorry I cannot turn back and show you the way. We are on duty; we are in pursuit of a boat that has escaped. You have not come across any craft?"

"No," was the answer, given quickly.

"Ah, I thought not! You—you will have to take Mr. Carbonellis home. Give way, men!"

Swift as an arrow the white boat flew forward with its muffled oars, and for a moment was a light streak upon a tall wave which wafted it away into darkness.

What had happened? What had been said? Why this sudden tightening of every heart, this breathless silence, this grasping of oars with quickening stroke, and hands unnerved?

No one dared ask a question of the other, no one dared give words to the fear which was tugging hard at his laboring breath. Each man bent to his oars in this strange, forced silence, till the toil was over of rounding the headland and the boat glided into smoother water; then the crew rested and waited in the silent darkness for some guiding voice or sound.

"To starboard, lads!" said Harold. "The 'Alert' lies there; she hears us—she has put up a light."

His tone was calm, yet it vibrated with that living thrill which in moments of deep excitement threads the human voice with a fire that burns upon the heart.

In another moment or two they were alongside the cutter, and a voice hailed them:

"What boat is that?"

"Boat from Langarth," answered Harold—"come for Mr. Carbonellis."

There was no reply: the sailor who had hailed them drew back, and, after a slight stir and whispered talk, an officer took his place and leaned over the bulwarks.

"You are come for Mr. Carbonellis?" he said, in a grave voice. "Yes, I am thankful you have arrived in time, otherwise, bound to obey orders as we are, we must have taken him to sea with us. Anticipating that, we have done what we could in a rough way."

But here he stopped, and, turning away, gave some orders in a voice inaudible to Harold and his crew. After a short interval, which yet seemed terrible in its length, the tramp of men was heard, and Harold saw the officer stand aside bare-headed, while others grouped around him uncovered also. Then a procession of four men came forward, bearing something dark and long between them.

"Are you ready?" demanded the officer, his grave face once more leaning towards the boat from the gangway.

"Aye, aye, sir!" was the answer.

Ready for what? No one asked the question. Every heart was beating loud, every face was pale. Harold stood up bare-headed and speechless. In another instant there was lowered amongst them and caught by trembling hands, a rough and light coffin, unlidded. Within it lay the corpse of Tristram Carbonellis—the moonlight shone on his dead face—shining as it shines on ice.

The expectation of some great horror had sat upon them all, paralyzing speech; but imagination ever falls short of reality. Not a man there, whose heart had quivered that night under shadowy terrors, but felt now that hope had never entirely deserted him; still his gloomiest forebodings had never foreshadowed such a sight as this—not one of them.

The shock was terrible. Unable for a time to speak, Harold knelt by his dead friend in overwhelming anguish and bewilderment. When he raised his face, it was nearly as white as the one over which he had bent.

"We did not know of this," he said in an unnaturally calm voice.

"I am very sorry if that is the case," returned the officer. "I thought you had heard the truth from our boat, which must have met you at the head of the harbor. It is a very sad misfortune, and it happened in a strange way."

"Yes?" said Harold interrogatively.

"I am extremely sorry, but I fear I cannot give you all the details now; we are under orders to sail at once. I can only tell you simply that it was an accident."

"Was he shot?" asked Harold.

"Yes—a pistol went off we scarcely know how. The poor young fellow who caused the accident is quite delirious with grief and horror. I doubt if he will ever recover the shock—his nerves are so shaken. The poor lad is only eighteen."

Harold heard this in silence; at that moment he had no pity for the innocent slayer of Estrild's brother.

Perceiving this, the officer drew back, and a short colloquy ensued between him and the commander, who was pacing the deck. It was the latter who now came to the gangway; and, removing his cap, he stood bareheaded before the pale presence on which he looked down.

"You are anxious to hear particulars of this sadly fatal affair," he said in a grave voice which seemed to hide anger rather than grief. "For my own part, I regret bitterly that I ever yielded to Mr. Carbonellis's entreaty, and permitted him to come on board my ship."

Anger broke his voice, and he half turned on his heel, but faced the dire result of his imprudence again with a slight shrug of impatience.

"Mr. Carbonellis was very excited, very eager to join us, and, having given me some information useful to the service, I felt myself scarcely at liberty to refuse his request. I assure you there is no one who can deplore this fatal result more than I do."

He paused, as if thinking he had said enough. To express regret, to confess that even some degree of blame might be thrown on him, appeared to his mind—perhaps as captain of a ship—the height of magnanimity.

But to Harold his speech seemed selfish and cruel, as it showed that he was considering the terrible event only in the light in which it affected himself. The cutting down of a young and happy life, the grief and horror awaiting the opening of Estrild's eyes to the light, were sorrows that had not touched his heart.

And these regrets and this half-expressed self-reproach told in fact nothing of the truth Harold was burning to know. Was he holding back an explanation purposely? Was there something with regard to this dire event which he was striving to hide?

The suspicion sent a hot throb of indignation through Harold's veins.

"I can understand," he said—and his voice grew deep and angry—"that you feel some grief in looking down on the dead face of a friend who has met his death on board your ship, but I cannot understand why you are holding back the details due to his sister and myself."

"I am holding back nothing, sir," returned the other haughtily.

"But you have told me nothing," retorted Harold in anger.

"I have said it was an accident—a pure accident. I have no time now to enter into

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"I have said it was an accident—a pure accident. I have no time now to enter into details. I am infringing on my duty in delaying to parley with you so long."

He turned, and in a stentorian voice gave an order, which was instantly followed by the hoisting of a sail. Then he came to the gangway again.

"I would advise you to get out of the way," he said; "in a moment your boat will be in danger."

"You are aware that there will be an inquest," returned Harold, his voice quivering with indignation; "and you will be called up then to give the information that you refuse me now."

"His Majesty's service comes before all other duties, sir; but, if I am able to return to port in time for the inquest, I shall be quite ready to give all the information in my power."

"And you will also have to give up the man who has committed this murder," said Harold, in a firm tone, so loud and full of wrath that it passed over the captain's head and reached the ears of a little group of men standing near the mainmast.

Among these there was a sudden movement, a sudden cry; and, peering through the dim light, Harold fancied that he saw two sailors stoop and lift a prostrate figure, which they bore away.

"There has been no murder, only a sad, deplorable misfortune," said the captain, in a shaken voice, as, after glancing for a moment in the direction whence the cry had proceeded, he turned once more to Harold; "and I have no man to give up. Poor boy; he is but a child! Your cruel accusation would be unpardonable if—if ——"

"If I had not cause for making it," interposed Harold, fiercely.

"You are unjustifiably angry, Mr.—Mr. ——"

"Oliver," interposed Harold again. "Perhaps you will give me your name?"

"James Armstong, lieutenant in his Majesty's Navy, and commander of his cutter the 'Alert.'"

"Thank you," said Harold. "I am glad of your name, as the Coroner will know whom to summon as a witness when the inquest is held. Now I demand the name of the member of your crew, whether man or boy, whose hand did this ghastly deed."

As Harold said this he stood with one foot on the thwart of the boat, his face, which had paled with anger, standing out white as snow against the black side of the ship. Above him stood Captain Armstrong with face equally white and mien more determined; but his gaze passed over Harold, and was fixed on the pale silent figure of Tristram Carbonellis.

"In that presence, Mr. Oliver"—and he pointed towards it—"I will not quarrel with you; neither will I, at your insolent request, give you the name of any man or boy among my crew, now under my command, in this ship. The morning is breaking; I bid you good day, sir; our interview is ended."

"You are screening an assassin!" shouted Harold, as Mr. Armstrong turned away. "But even the captain of a ship has to live under the law of the land."

"On shore maybe, sir," interposed one of Harold's crew, "but not at sea; and the captain is off to sea in a moment! Give way, lads, or we shall be run down!"

This was true enough, for the "Alert" swung around as he spoke, her black prow threatening to engulf them; and, with oars hurriedly dipped in the water, they had to labor hard to escape the danger of being cut down.

Harold sat by his dead friend, his heart swelling with silent indignation and grief; he dared not attempt speech, lest he should burst into tears like a woman.

But the men were less reticent, and, as they cleared the path of the cutter, which dashed forward proudly with sails set, they broke out with a yell of hatred, a groan of horror and disgust, which passed far over the sea after the last departing ship.

"Ah," roared young Prior, as he clenched his fist and shook it towards the figures faintly visible on the deck, "you are hiding a murderer among you, and, unless you cast him out like Jonah, you are doomed men! Your ship will go to the bottom as sure as there's God's light in the sky!"

"Well, now, if the Squire—poor dear young man—had only stuck to his friends, this wouldn't never ha' happened," observed another of the crew. "This comes of standin' by sich gashly trash as Preventive men—Cromwell's dogs and Sarrasins!"

"Cromwell's dogs" and "Saracens" are terms bestowed by Cornish folk on vile and obnoxious individuals; and at another time Harold might have smiled to hear these epithets hurled thus at the whole Preventive service.

"It is certain," he said thoughtfully, that your master was not killed in any fair fight with smugglers, or Captain Armstrong would only too gladly have said so."

"Killed by smugglers!" cried two or three of the men indignantly. "There edn't no cowards among they. Though Squire did turn agin 'em, and forgit all the years—times out of mind—when the Carbonellises were friends to fair trade, yet there wadn't a man among 'em who would ha' touched a hair of his head."

Harold believed this. Wild, daring and brave the Cornish smugglers had ever proved themselves to be, but their worst foes could bring no accusation against them of cruel assassinations, secret murders, and revengeful deeds, such as had occurred on other coasts among men of rougher breed.

"No smugglers hand has taken that dear young life!" said young Prior, as his eyes grew dark and angry. "It is some villain aboard this ship that has done it; and the captain is screening him and hiding him, and helping his flight to another land this very minute, while we, with broken hearts, are taking home the corpse his wicked hand has made. Look there comrades," he added, turning suddenly to the east—"there's the blessed sun rising out of the sea; and so sure as that sun will travel up the sky, and go down into the sea again in the west, so surely will that man's life end in blood. He may escape this time, but judgment will overtake him at the last."

A general assent ran from lip to lip, mingled with a groan of righteous wrath at the remembrance that the slayer was escaping safely now, at this awful moment, while they, with weary, woeful hearts and hands, were laboring in a heavy sea to bring a dead master to his home and lay him before his sister's face.

Every thought of Estrild and her coming agony brought a pang of sheer physical pain to Harold's heart. How should he break the truth to her? How should he meet her and lead her to face this pale burden, once her dear, loving brother?

He could not think it out, he could form no plan of action; he felt he must leave it all to chance, and hope that with the terrible moment would come the inspiration of words of comfort. His own mind was dazed and confused, and deadened by the very excess of his grief, and there was no clear remembrance in his brain of the imperfect narrative given him by the officers of the "Alert."

Hence, as the boat was rowed on swiftly beneath the gray dawn and on the tumbling sea, his thoughts, like rolling waves, rose and fell and reached no aim and struck no shore.

All within him was a heaving darkness, thought on thought heaped confusedly, with only here and there a flash of light showing him the goal of pain towards which he was floating.

As the light grew clearer, so did the burden they bore grow before their eyes a larger, crueller, ghastlier thing to carry home beneath the morning sun. While the darkness lasted they had talked of it, looked down on it, and wondered over it; but, now that the sun was shining on that white face, all eyes were averted from it, and the solemn awe fell upon their anger, softening it to grief for the living more than for the dead.

The green heights of Langarth were gleaming in the sun, and the smooth beach of white sand at the foot of the rugged cliffs lay glistening like crisp snow in its beams, when the boat crept in guiltily on top of the crested waves.

As the boat neared the shore, the men's weary hands wavered and shook, their strokes grew slower and slower, the oars went down into the tumbling waves and rose again as uselessly as though they were but straws playing in the water.

Harold saw the hesitation of the crew, and roused himself to speak.

"I will land," he said, "and go up to the house first, and prepare Miss Carbonellis to bear the shock; meanwhile you must remain here—a little under the cliff if possible—till I either return or send you directions."

"All right, sir," replied young Michael Prior. "But, when you speak to Miss Carbonellis, please, sir, be mindful not to lay this crime to the charge of his own people. You won't forget, sir, what the officer said who spoke with us first—how 'twas some one—some boy, he said—aboard the ship that did it?"

Harold turned on him a bewildered gaze; it required an effort to bring this back to his recollection—to hold anything, indeed, upon his mind but the one overwhelming thought that he had to see Estrild and tell her the terrible truth.

"I will remember," he answered hurriedly. "I will take care not to confound the innocent with the guilty. Now row to the landing-place as quickly as you can."

This lay within a tiny cove, crescent-shaped, on either side of which were cliffs as sheltering arms, breaking the force of the great waves that rushed upon them from the outside sea. Into this little bay the waves ran with a glad sound and broke softly on its white, shining sands, while the cliffs above were green and fragrant with many kinds of sea herbage.

There was a narrow, zigzag path running down the face of the cliff, winding among rocks and bushes of golden gorse, and broom, and the white hawthorn, worn by many feet, and cut in the old times before the memory of man.

As the boat rounded the jagged peaked height on the eastern side, and came into full view of this sequestered cove, lovely in the morning sun, its shining sands smiling at the inrushing of the soft glorious sea, Harold's heart misgave him; the gladness, the joy, the life that seemed springing from earth, and sea, and sky were too bitter a contrast, and for a moment his head sank upon his hands and all around him grew dark as night.

He raised his eyes to see Estrild coming slowly down the winding path, with face turned seawards and gaze fixed wonderingly on the boat.

The men saw her, and every oar instantly stopped its stroke. Then Michael and Harold rose by one impulse, and stood before the coffin to screen it from her sight. But they were too late. The slight figure they were watching stopped suddenly and gazed at them with wild eyes; then a piercing shriek rang over the sea, and they saw her throws her arms upward and fall upon the path.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"I RECEIVED a lot of rejected manuscripts to-day," said Titmarsh to a friend. "Did you? I had no idea you had any ambition to shine as an author." "Not exactly that. You see, my sweetheart and I quarreled, and she returned my letters."

Bric-a-Brac.

HOW IT AROSE.—"Pot-walloppers" was a nickname bestowed upon the electors in certain districts in England, who, previous to the passage of the Reform Bill in 1832 were allowed to vote if they could prove having boiled a pot in the borough to which they professed to belong.

NO PAY.—A rich Chinaman's servant gets no salary, yet many are the applicants; while big salaries are paid to the servants of the common people, but few make applications. The perquisites of the former, often more than tripling the salaries of the latter, are the sole reasons of these differences.

CLEANLINESS IN DEATH.—Among the numerous superstitions of the Cossacks there is none stronger than the belief that they will enter heaven in a better state of moral purity if they are personally clean at the time they are killed. Consequently, before an expected battle, they perform their toilets with scrupulous care, dress themselves in clean garments, and put on the best they have. This superstition is not confined to the Cossacks alone, but is widely prevalent in all branches of the Russian army.

USE FOR SPARROWS.—This is the way in which sparrows are made useful in Germany. Long troughs, placed under the eaves of houses are occupied by the sparrows in building their nests. When the young are hatched, and the mother goes away to procure food, wire screens are placed over them, with interstices large enough to permit the passage of food in to the young, but too small to allow them to escape. As soon as they are large and plump they are killed, and make a very acceptable article of food.

A MALE NURSE.—The emu appears to be curiously exceptional as regards domestic division of labor. The hen begins laying about the end of October or beginning of November, and in about six weeks completes the brood of twenty or more eggs. In the meantime the cock begins to sit, and the eggs subsequently laid are deposited at his side by the hen; he then reaches out with his foot and draws them under him. He not only hatches the eggs, and does all the subsequent nursing, but has to thrash his wife continually, as she attacks him furiously, and would apparently kill the chicks if she could get at them.

GOGGLES ON A HORSE.—A horse with goggles was one of the attractions in a Connecticut town market place on a recent afternoon. The farmer who owned him said he discovered recently that the animal was very near-sighted, and an oculist took the necessary measurements, and sending to New York, had a pair of concave spectacles made expressly for Dobbin. When the farmer tried them for the first time the horse appeared to be startled, but recovering from his surprise, manifested every symptom of pleasure. They are made so as to be firmly fastened in the head-stall, and cannot be worn without that piece of harness.

IN LOVE WITH A TREE.—Herodotus relates, that Xerxes, while on a march, happened to find a tree of remarkable beauty, with which he was so captivated, that he presented it with a golden chain, to be twined like a sash around its body, or like a bracelet round one of its arms. Æelian adds, that he also placed at the bottom of it, in token of his passion, his own jewels, and those of his concubines and satraps, and was smitten with it as to forget his expedition, and to salute it with the tender names of his love, his darling, and his goddess. When cruel necessity at last compelled him to leave the object of his passion, he caused the figure of the tree to be stamped upon a golden medal, which he constantly wore in memory of his love.

THE CAT.—In Egypt the cat was treated with great honor. We have the authority of Herodotus for the fact that when a cat died in an Egyptian home, the members of the bereaved family shaved off their eyebrows, and that of Diodorus for the touching statement that although the Egyptians have been known to eat their fellow creatures during famines, no instance of cat eating was ever heard of. If an Egyptian happened to find a dead cat, says the Sicilian historian, he was careful not to approach it closely for fear of being suspected of its murder. Standing at a distance, he made the sad loss known by cries of distress. During conflagrations, according to Herodotus, the Egyptian spectators allowed the flames to rage unchecked, devoting their attention to saving the cats belonging to the burning houses.

"TIRED OUT."

BY A. T. R.

"Just tired out," the neighbor said,
Turning from the squalid bed,
Where the weary woman lay,
Panting life's last hours away.
Save that sound of sobbing breath,
All was still as coming Death;
For the frightened children cowered
Where, with heavy brows that lowered,
'Neath the long-enduring strain,
The mute husband bore his pain.

Just tired out—far down below
Waves were fretting on the flow;
And the full, recurrent roar
Echoed upward from the shore;
Fainter grew the pulses' beat,
As the worn hands plucked the sheet,
And the death-damps gathered, where
Ruffled all the tangled hair.
Said the watcher at her side,
"She is waiting for the tide."

When the wave had ebbed anew,
The tired life was over too;
Gone from want, and care, and ill,
Very peacefully and still,
After all she bore and wept,
Hard-worked wife and mother slept;
Very fair she looked, and meek,
Long dark lashes swept her cheek,
Worn hands crossed upon her breast,
For the "weary was at rest."

HER BITTER FOE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A ROMANCE ON WHEELS," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "WEDDED HANDS," "THE ORLSTONE SCANDAL," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—(CONTINUED.)

"WELL, we'll come back as penitent as he pleases."

Mr. Chalfont was getting excited and eager now that he saw that her consent might be won.

"There is something underhand about it, I'm afraid, but I don't think it would be worse than carrying on a tabooed engagement for three or four years, perhaps, and being more or less miserable apart."

"But suppose Sir John should not forgive us directly?" said Isabel, hesitating, though in truth the prospect of running away with her lover in defiance of parental authority and propriety pleased the high-spirited audacious girl a vast deal more than would the finest of orthodox weddings.

"Old Edy will coax him over, and we'll wait for him to relent. Say 'Yes,' darling, won't you? The more I think of it, the more I feel sure that it is the best thing for us to do. You see, after to-morrow I can't well remain at the Hall."

"Why not?" she cried quickly.

"Well, Sir John's manner has not been over-pleasant to me since I spoke to him, and it is likely to be worse now. In fact, I've no doubt that he heartily wishes me out of the house. I have made up my mind that in any case I cannot well stop after to-morrow. Why need I go alone?"

"Oh, so soon as that?" cried Isabel quickly.

She looked very becomingly scandalised, but was inwardly thinking how delightfully the tongues of the Woodlandshire Mrs. Grundys would be cackling before the next twenty-four hours were over, what a temper Sir John would be in, and, oh, how Gerard would rage! But she said, "Oh, I couldn't think of that, dear!" very decisively.

"But the longer we think about it the more difficult it will seem, and Sir John can't be in a worse temper about it than he is now, if we wait a twelvemonth."

"Are you sure that you haven't a post-chaise and four round the corner at the present moment?" cried Isabel laughingly.

"I only wish I had. We would run away to-night."

"Better put it off till the morning, I think—more convenient, you know. Sorry to interrupt or interfere with your little plans, I'm sure. You should choose your trysting-places more prudently, my dear Isabel. Quite lucky that no one chanced to overhear but me, wasn't it? Very sorry, Chalfont, for you and my charming cousin too, but I'm afraid that I shall find it my duty to enlighten Sir John within the next ten minutes, do you know?"

Gerard Marlingford's face, as he uttered these words, was not a pleasant sight to see. He had come from behind a clump of bushes, and stopped within a pace of the lovers.

He knew beyond all doubt now how entirely Isabel and Isabel's fortune were lost to him, but even the certain knowledge of his defeat and the ruin that it entailed could not rob him of his composure of manner—his cold malicious smile.

In his own bitter mortification it was yet a pleasure to him to think that he could spoil the plans of these two.

He had never in his life hated any two creatures as he now hated them, and the evil expression in his sloe-black eyes as he glanced from one disturbed and startled face to the other told this plainly.

And in the very midst of his rage and chagrin he did not forget that, if he stopped the elopement of his cousin with the young lawyer, it would probably serve him with Sir John.

Isabel was the first to recover her speech. In her surprise she had involuntarily pulled away her hand from her lover's clasp; now she held it out to him again, and, standing so, flashed upon her cousin from her bright eyes a look of withering contempt and scorn.

"I did not know that either spying or tale-bearing were among your accomplishments, Gerard. I congratulate you. Eavesdropping is usually not a congenial task for a gentleman."

"My dear Isabel, I assure you that I found it extremely amusing. It is the first time that I ever heard an elopement planned; and the idea is so charmingly romantic in these humdrum days that I am quite grieved to think that I must frustrate it. For I am afraid—I really am—that Sir John will raise objections."

"Not at your instance, sir," Marcus Chalfont said contemptuously. "Since you have become so honorably possessed of our intentions, I shall forestall you with Sir John. It is the best course we can take, Isabel," he whispered to her hastily, "and the only honest one now."

"Rather a pity," Gerard Marlingford drawled coolly, "that you didn't think of that before, isn't it? Only a suggestion, you know."

Neither of them answered him, for a step sounded upon the gravel-walk, and there came sauntering towards the group Lord Edyvean.

Had the three, in their different ways, been less agitated, they might have been aware of his presence before, for he had strolled into view just as Gerard stepped out of his ambush, and had heard every word exchanged since.

"Old Edy" looked rather pale in the moonlight, but his handsome head was more stiffly erect than usual.

He looked at the lovers and smiled at them: he looked at Gerard Marlingford and smiled at him, but in an altogether different way.

"Hallo! What's this?"—looking from one to the other. "A scene out of a comedy, by Jove! The lady and her lover discovered by the rejected swain, eh? Rather awkward position—upon my word it is! What's the matter, eh, Chalfont?"

"It pleases this gentleman to play the spy, my lord," Marcus Chalfont answered pleasantly.

"Oh, I see!" "Old Edy" stroked his moustache. "Spy first, and tale-bearer afterwards, eh? Come, come, Mr. Marlingford, it's rather hard upon you, of course; but you'll think twice, I fancy, before betraying a lady who never gave you her confidence—eh? To spoil their game won't help yours, you know—not a bit! No, it won't help yours."

"Old Edy," turning from the lovers, looked straight at Marlingford, with an expression that gave his words a special significance.

Marlingford's pale face grew a shade paler, and from his black eyes there shot a glance of fierce doubt and questioning at the old gentleman's face. Then he shrugged his shoulders with a slight laugh.

"Pardon me, my lord, but perhaps I may suggest that your well-known interest in this gentleman and in my fair cousin may perhaps bias your judgment as much as your equally well-known dislike to myself. There is only one course of action open to me. I shall at once inform Sir John of what I was fortunate enough to overhear."

"I'll be hanged if you do, sir!" declared Viscount Edyvean.

Isabel and her lover stared in amazement; Gerard Marlingford, about to turn in the direction of the house, swung round upon his heel and fixed his gaze upon the Viscount.

For a full minute there was a dead pause. Then "old Edy" laughed.

"You will at once inform Sir John?" he repeated slowly. "Gerard Marlingford, I dare you to enter the house and do anything of the kind. So what have you to say now?"

"My lord," stammered Marlingford, his face deadly pale.

"Old Edy" turned to Isabel.

"Go indoors and finish your conversation there, my dear. You need not fear any further interruption from this gentleman. He will be perfectly willing to oblige me by silence in this matter, I am sure, and to comply with my request that he remain here for a little while. Take her in, Chalfont. I'll follow you directly."

The lovers walked away, Isabel looking pale and wondering, Chalfont puzzled and uneasy.

"Old Edy," watching them until the last fold of her dress had fluttered out of sight, slowly took out his natty silver cigar-case and extracted from it a choice cheroot. Then he leisurely proceeded to light it, doing all this as coolly as though he had the quiet grounds to himself.

Gerard Marlingford, watching him with a feverish impatience which each passing moment only augmented, seemed to gather courage. He too broke into a laugh—half insolent, half defiant.

"You carry matters with a high hand, my lord; but, as I don't know by what right you claim to dispose of my cousin and her fortune, or to detain me here, you will excuse me perhaps if I decline to defer to it or to remain here any longer."

"You will remain here, sir," said Lord Edyvean, flinging away the vesuvian after lighting the cheroot, "precisely as long as I choose. You need not complain of a little conversation, surely—particularly since you have forced me to it."

"Forced you, my lord?" the other echoed faintly.

"Exactly. But for your very foolish conduct just now in threatening Miss Isabel—who should not be your wife while there was another man in England to marry her—and my young friend Chalfont, whom you may rely upon it she shall marry, I might never have found it—for your uncle's sake, not yours—absolutely incumbent upon me to talk to you of—well, let us say figures! Let us put it in that way—figures. Or we might even limit it to a special group of figures; such as—well, one hundred and seventy thousand and fifteen, for instance."

Great beads of perspiration started out and stood upon Gerard Marlingford's forehead; he bit his lip so fiercely that blood almost started beneath the pressure, and his foot ground into the gravel as though he would have crushed its tiny pebbles into powder.

The Viscount, placidly enjoying his cigar, smiled pleasantly at the effect he had produced.

"Don't hurry," he went on. "One hundred and seventy thousand and fifteen. Do you connect anything with that little group of figures? Such a thing now as a cheque-book, dropped accidently, and a sum of, say, one hundred pounds?"

He stopped again; but he got no answer except a smothered imprecation.

"Shall I go on," he questioned coolly, "or do you still adhere to your resolution as to enlightening Sir John? The awkwardness in this case, I must remind you, would be that, like most games, two can play at it; and I fancy that I may fairly claim to hold the best cards. Do you prefer that I go on? Take your choice, pray."

"I am at your mercy, my lord," was the answer, given in a whisper hoarse and savage. "You must do what you will."

"Exactly. Your common sense does you credit. A man who deliberately tightens a snare about his own neck is a fool, if he isn't a knave—and you are both, give me leave to tell you. For you are snared, sir, and pretty tightly. You thought to trap 'old Edy' for the easy-going, careless old fool I have often heard you call him; but you have not got the best of it. No, egad, you have not!"

There was another pause. The young man did not move—he hardly seemed to breathe; while the Viscount enjoyed his cigar and his companion's discomfiture together. Presently he resumed—

"You forgot that 'old Edy' knew everybody when you played that little game of yours, Mr. Marlingford; and when you quarreled in your chambers that night you got back from Norway with the blackleg who calls himself Major Shorthouse, you forgot that the door was half open, and that the wall was uncommonly thin. And so it chanced that your conversation had a listener, for I had a message for you from Lady Prendergast. It was not my fault that I left without waiting to deliver it, although it was my fault that I dropped my cheque-book and left it lying on your floor."

His lordship stopped once more. Gerard changed his position; he half glanced up, with an evil shifting smile.

"So my Lord Edyvean plays eavesdropper too, it appears," he said, with a little sneer.

"Yes, he does, sir!"

"Old Edy" turned upon him furiously, the gray white hair fairly bristling upon his head.

"Yes, he does, sir, when he hears a scamp who is to marry such a girl as Isabel Grantham boast to his companion of his cleverness in getting rid of the woman whom he had deceived by a false marriage and afterwards deserted. You did not think just then, I suppose, that a rogue will bite the hand of a fellow-rogue as readily as he will that of an honest man, should it suit his purpose, or expect that your precious friend would turn upon you as he did—I heard it, every word—and threaten to disclose the betrayal and desertion of that poor girl to both Sir John Grantham and his daughter, unless you bought his silence. I don't wonder, seeing the trap you were in, that you acted as you did, and, finding my check-book dropped ready to your hand, forged my name for one hundred pounds—don't wonder at all; and very cleverly you did it, I must say."

His lordship paused again, and again Gerard Marlingford looked at him—a look in which wonder was mingled with hatred and despair. What else did he know, this terrible old man, who had kept him pitilessly upon the rack until now, when he chose to crush him, and who might, if he chose——

Gerard stopped short in that thought with a shudder. Did he suspect who was the mistress of Bramble Farm? He would almost just then have given his hope of safety to ask the question; but he did not dare. He could only stand there the picture of fear, and misery, and baffled rage, and let the voice of his accuser go on, which it did after a moment, quite calmly and evenly, too.

"I don't wonder, I say, that you did it, and I dare say that, but for two things, you would have been tolerably safe, for I don't doubt that for your own sake you would have repaid the money to my account as soon as you were Isabel Grantham's husband. But I had overheard your conversation, you see, and it chanced that I not only happened to know how many checks were in the book, but their numbers also—a couple of circumstances that do not happen once in a dozen times. It was a bold move of yours, that sending the book to me—a very bold move, but it helped to defeat itself, as it happened, for but for that I should not have known where I dropped it, and so might not have found out that little trick of yours. As it was, I missed the check and knew the number. Your friend had not cashed it an hour before it was in my possession, Mr. Marlingford, as it is now."

"Old Edy" checking himself, half drew from his breast-pocket the little pocket-book which he had so often apostrophised of late, and quietly let it slip out of sight again. Then he went on in the same easy tone:

"With your friend, the worthy Shorthouse, I had very little trouble. He was only too eager at the first hint to say how he became possessed of it, and from whom. Whether he believed the neat little story you told him about having borrowed the hundred pounds of me until your marriage, I don't know. Lying comes equally easy to both of you, I don't doubt. As for the check—I'm a poor man, but the loss of a hundred pounds won't ruin me, and I did not repudiate the signature for my old friend Grantham's sake. But I made up my mind then and there that you should not marry his daughter; nor shall you, you may rely upon it. I would rather see her wife to one of her father's footmen!"

There was again a pause, and then Gerard Marlingford, without raising his eyes, asked:

"What do you require of me, my lord?"

"In the first place, silence, sir. You will not in anyway again interfere with your cousin."

"You shall have it. What else?"

"You will leave this place, sir," answered "old Edy" sternly—"leave it altogether, I mean. I will give you a week to get out of the country. I will give you that time, for I don't want to excite your uncle's suspicions. As to what you must do in the future—try to make it redeem the past. Work, as your younger brother has done. If you like to go out and join him in Canada I'll do my best with Sir John to induce him to help you to a start. And more"—and the Viscount tapped his breast-pocket significantly—"the day you set sail I'll burn this; but not before, Mr. Marlingford—trust me!"

And "old Edy" went indoors very well satisfied with himself, as he felt he had reason to be, leaving a baffled, revengefully-desperate man out in the pale light of the April moon.

Looking back, and seeing his compressed lips and his clenched hands, the Viscount smiled.

"Pretty good case of checkmate, I think," he said to himself with satisfaction.

CHAPTER XV.

BUTTERMEAD spent the next day in its usual prosy manner, but on the the following morning it was alive with excitement.

Before breakfast was well over everybody in the parish, from the strong-minded wife of the Vicar downwards, knew that a most amazingly dreadful affair had happened up at the Hall the night before—that Miss Isabel Grantham had eloped with Mr. Marcus Chalfont, and that Sir John, after entirely throwing into the shade the curse in the "Jackdaw of Rheims," and leaving all his own previous objurgatory efforts nowhere, was on the verge of an attack of apoplexy.

The news, astounding as it was, caused nowhere more astonishment than it did at Bramble Farm, but it also caused a good deal of amusement, for Stephen Keene, after getting over the first shock, laughed heartily—so heartily indeed that his sister, when she came into Bramble Farm on the afternoon of the next day, took him to task with some severity.

Hester's sense of propriety was greatly shocked. That a young lady in Miss Grantham's position should so far forget herself as to run away from home to get married struck Mrs. Longcroft as being a most improper, not to say disgraceful proceeding.

So, while Stephen laughed, and his wife looked pale and troubled, Hester sat and pursed her lips and frowned disapprovingly.

"I'm sure I don't see why you are laughing, Stephen," she said tartly.

"Why? Because it's the best joke I ever heard of. I'd have given five pounds to hear Sir John when he found it out. I hardly thought that Miss Isabel would give him the slip so finely, I must say: but I'm not altogether surprised when I come to think of it. You thought that she and Mr. Chalfont were sweet upon each other, didn't you, Nelly?"

"Sweet upon one another, indeed!" Mrs. Longcroft cried, drowning Nelly's low reply. "He was sweet upon her money if upon anything, I fancy, for they say he is as poor as poverty. Your Miss Isabel, as you call her, ought to be ashamed of herself, I think; if I had done such a thing and set everybody talking, as they are about her, I know I should be. She was always a most dreadfully audacious girl, but I didn't think she would do such a thing as this. Just fancy Sir John Grantham's daughter running away on the sly and getting married, with, I suppose, some pew-opener for a bridesmaid, and the clerk to give her away! I declare it would serve her quite right if Sir John refused to have anything to do with her or her husband either."

"Pooh!" said Stephen, laughing again. "No fear of that. He'll forgive her soon enough; he is a vast deal too fond of her to do anything else. And quite right too. Why shouldn't she marry the man she chose? Sir John will swear like a good one at first, no doubt. At the present moment I dare say he is vowing vengeance and declaring that he'll make a new will to-morrow."

"And quite right if he did!" observed Hester, with increasing tartness. "Marry the man she chose, indeed! Really, I've no patience with you, Stephen! Lately you have been as ridiculously sentimental as a schoolboy. You never used to talk such rubbish. If Miss Grantham was engaged

to her cousin, as I suppose she was, she had no right to marry anyone else. Poor fellow nobody seems to think about him! I wonder how he takes it."

Mrs. Longcroft rose.

"Well good-bye, Ellen — I must go now."

Hester never called her sister-in-law "Nelly," having a complete contempt for what she called "childish nicknames."

"Hester's rather down upon anything romantic, isn't he?"

Stephen joined his wife at the window as he put the question, and watched his sister going down the garden path.

"But that's her way. For my part yes—for my part, I'm glad Miss Isabel married the man she cares about—for I suppose they are married by this time—are you not?"

"Yes—yes, of course," answered Nelly faintly.

"And yet I thought you were sorry, my dear?"

"Sorry? No; why should I be sorry?" she faltered.

He had put his arm round her fondly; but she drew away, shrinking down upon the broad window-seat, and keeping her face turned away from him in a passion of repressed shame, remorse, and fear.

"Oh," he said cheerfully, "I didn't mean that you were sorry for her, for I remember you said you liked Mr. Chalfont; and you and I are not likely to expend much pity upon anybody who falls in love and gets married—are we, little woman?—but I fancied you were thinking of the other side of the question, perhaps!"

"You mean Mr. Marlingford?"

"Of course. It's rough enough upon him, isn't it?"

"Do you really think he cares, then, Stephen?"

"Why, yes—I think he does—more than I gave him credit for," Stephen answered thoughtfully. "I did think it was only the money he was after, but I hardly fancy it could have been, after all. He certainly looks as pale as a ghost, and seems most awfully down about it. I can't say I care much about him, but I couldn't help feeling sorry for him. You see, I can pretty well guess how I should have felt if you had thrown me over at the last moment, Nelly. I've just been talking to him out in the garden yonder."

He stopped for a moment, but her heart did not beat faster nor did her face turn paler.

He knew nothing yet—his voice and manner told her that; but how long would it be before he did—how long? she asked herself in agony. For Nelly Keene knew well, now that Isabel Grantham and her fortune were lost to Gerard Marlingford, that her hold upon him was weakened hopelessly, if not utterly gone.

She had no counter-threats now with which to tie his tongue; and, knowing him as she did, she felt that—baffled, disappointed, wrathful, and desperate as he must now be—he was only too likely in sheer spite to disclose to her husband the wretched truth which she would have died to spare him the misery of knowing.

And what made her torture the keener was the knowledge that Gerard Marlingford's old passion and admiration for her were as strong to-day as ever they had been in the days before he had won her. A strong shudder ran through her, and Stephen noticed it.

In truth, his young wife's pale face, too-bright eyes, and fitful languid spirits had troubled him a good deal during the past week or two, and he had fancied that perhaps she was getting tired of the dull life at Bramble Farm.

He had inwardly resolved that, as soon as Mr. Marlingford either went away altogether or took up his quarters at the Hall, he would spare time for a holiday, and take her to London for a good round of the theatres or something of that kind.

But he did not intend to speak of this plan of dissipation until he was ready to carry it out. So he only said—

"What—are you cold on such a fine day as this, little woman?"

"No, dear—no!"

She looked round her almost wildly for a moment, as though she would rush away, for his very voice and touch had grown to be an absolute agony to her; but she checked herself, and stood still, clasping his arm.

"Go on with what you were saying."

"Oh, about Mr. Marlingford you mean? Well, he seems uncommonly cut up, as I said. Indeed, he says he can't stand this place now, and thas he shall take himself off in a day or two."

"He does!" cried Nelly, almost breathless.

Would this man spare her after all? Oh, if she could but be sure of that, she thought she would even forgive him the past, cruel, wicked, bad as it had been!

She would wish him well for all his life to come if he would but be merciful, and spare her now!

"So he says, my dear. About the best thing he can do too, I should think. Hallo, here he comes! We are going to have a shot at the rooks—did I tell you? I can spare the afternoon; and I suppose he prefers shooting to getting the blues by himself. I must just go round to the stables first, though. Talk to him a bit if he comes in here, Nelly; you women always know how to say the right thing in the right way, or how to say nothing at all, which, I think, is cleverer still; and he has a wonderful opinion of you, you know!"

The window was a low one, and Stephen opened it and stepped out just as Gerard Marlingford, gun in hand, came to a halt upon the gravel before it.

Nelly would have followed her husband, bare-headed as she was, or have hurried from the room to avoid Gerard, but that she caught a rapid glance from his black eyes which she knew commanded her to stay. There was no sign of mercy—nothing but insolent relentless power in that look. She sank down again upon the window-seat.

Lifting his hat, Gerard bowed to her slightly, and spoke to Stephen, indicating his gun with a tap upon its shining barrel.

"Quite ready for you, when you are ready for me, Mr. Keene. Don't fancy that I shall hurt the rooks much, but it will be better than doing nothing, although it is too bad of me to take up your valuable time. I hope you can spare it?"

"All right, Mr. Marlingford — easy enough," Stephen replied cheerfully. "I'm afraid you won't think much of the sport, though."

"Better than nothing, at any rate, as I said before," Gerard returned. "And it will be good practice for me, for I'm a poor shot at the best of times. Did you say you were ready?"

"In two minutes. I must go round to the stables first."

"Don't hurry for me; I can wait. Oh, by-the-way"—and Mr. Marlingford dropped his voice, with an expressive glance at the window where Nelly's head was drooping forward on her bosom as she sat—"I wish you would do me a favor, Mr. Keene!"

"Anything I can do, Mr. Marlingford—certainly."

"Ah, thanks! I'm much obliged. Until I go away from here I should be glad if you would take charge of these letters. You can guess whom they are from, I daresay. Well, they're not very pleasant possessions to me just now, and at the same time I do not care to burn them. If you will take care of them until I claim them, upon my word you'll oblige me very much."

Stephen looked and felt astonished. He had certainly not expected such a request from this fashionable, cool, cynical young gentleman, even though he was a jilted swain.

It struck him as being a little ultra-sentimental, to say the least of it. But Mr. Marlingford having produced a small packet from his pocket while speaking, he had no resource but to take it and transfer it to his own.

But he could not help smiling a little as he did so; and Gerard Marlingford smiled too—a smile accompanied by another half-glance of warning towards the window. Then he said, with what seemed to be a forced lightness—

"Well, we're all fools once in our lives, I suppose, Mr. Keene! It is a good thing for us when the 'once' ends as luckily as it did for you."

"Ah, you're right enough there, Mr. Marlingford!" rejoined Stephen heartily. "You won't find me disputing that!"

"I should think not. You know that I consider Mrs. Keene everything that is charming—as everybody must, of course. And yet I daresay"—and he gave the little packet hidden in the other's breast-pocket a little tap—"that this kind of thing was not much in your line either!"

"Love-letters? Bless you, no!"—and Stephen laughed. "We didn't spend much time over our courting—my wife and I. I never was much of a hand at that sort of thing; and if Nelly wrote me three letters it's as many as she did."

"You prove the truth of the old saying that the shortest courtships are the happiest, Mr. Keene."

Mr. Marlingford lighted a cigar, then continued—

"It would certainly be treason to doubt it in your case. And I suppose you burnt Mrs. Keene's three letters as soon as they came to hand, instead of being foolish enough to treasure them up as I did these—eh?"

"Burnt them?" Stephen laughed again. "No, I didn't do that. Who would have believed that he was the sort of man to be so fond of talking sentiment?" was his unspoken thought.

Then he said—"No, they're safe enough; we're not likely to have to write any more to each other, you see, if we live for fifty years."

"Exactly!" Mr. Marlingford glanced at the window again with a smile. "Being so inseparable and devoted."

"Yes, of course," responded Stephen contentedly. "I don't think you could show me the thing that would part my Nelly and me—and that's the truth. Yes, I'm lucky enough; and I wish you were more so. But, cheer up, Mr. Marlingford! You remember the saying about 'as good fish,' you know. It's true enough, you may rely on it, in most cases. Your good luck's to come. I won't keep you waiting above a couple of minutes."

He hurried away to the stables, utterly unconscious of the sudden malignant smile which flashed from Gerard Marlingford's black eyes after his retreating figure.

"My good luck's to come, is it?" that gentleman muttered. "My bucolic friend, I'm seriously afraid that the same can't be said of you. Not show him the thing that would part them, eh? We shall see, Mr. Keene."

He glanced towards the window, and smiled again as he sauntered slowly towards it.

"Did she hear, I wonder?" he muttered insolently. "Yes, I think she did. She looks as if she did. But did she understand?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IRISH PROVERBS.—Men of straw don't make the best bricks. It's a narrow bed that has no turning. When money is sent flying out of the window, it's poverty that comes in at the door. The pig that pleases to live must live to please. One man may steal a hedge, whereas another daren't even as much as look at a horse. Short rents make long friends; and it holds good equally with your landlord and your clothes. Money makes the gentleman; the want of it the blackguard. When wise men fall out, then rogues come by what is not their own.

THE SEEDS OF THINGS.

THERE is often a strange disparity between the size of the seed and the plant that is produced from it. And the way in which seeds are distributed over the earth opens an interesting study. To a great extent they are spread abroad by the wind, and are sometimes equipped with winged and feathery appendages, by means of which they are wafted to a very great distance.

Some plants have the power of projecting their seeds with considerable force, and there is one such plant that imparts a corkscrew motion to the seed, which buries it in the ground beyond the reach of the sheep, who would otherwise be likely to consume it. The lichens are the forerunners and beginning of all vegetation, and they are propagated by germs that are as thin as dust, which the wind readily transports to the most remote regions.

This dust attaches itself to the barren rock, and, feeding on the elements which it finds in the atmosphere, it gradually disintegrates the surface of the rock, converting it very slowly into a soil, and this is the way in which our pastures and forests originated.

Seeds are also carried from place to place by the birds, and sometimes by very singular means—as, for instance, the seeds of the mistletoe, being of a gummy nature, attach themselves to the beak of the bird, and in the process of rubbing its beak into the bark of the tree, in order to disengage the seeds, they are thus introduced into the tree, and take root there.

Still further, seeds are borne about by rivers and streams, and even by the ocean currents from the continent to the distant islands of the sea. This is the only way in which we can account for much of the vegetation that now covers the coral islands, like the Bermudas.

With the exception of the hot sands of the African deserts and some of the Antarctic islands, there are few spots on the face of the globe where some sort of vegetation is not to be found.

The general condition requisite for the development of seeds are a soil, moisture, heat, light and air; and yet what are known as "air plants" grow without any contact with the earth, feeding entirely on the elements found in the atmosphere.

Of course nothing can grow in a frozen soil, although there are plants that manage to get on with a very small allowance of heat, and some of the lower species, like the fungi, may flourish in almost total darkness. Nothing could live and grow in a vacuum, let all the other conditions be as favorable as they might.

The prolonged vitality of seeds, when they are secluded from the air, is strikingly illustrated in the instance of Egyptian grain, which, after having been buried for thousands of years, no sooner finds a congenial soil and heat and moisture than it springs forth into life; so that, in this nineteenth century, we may reap the fruit of a seed that came into being in the days of Moses.

There are certain kinds of trees which, in process of time, might be in danger of extinction if it were not for the special provision that is made to protect the seeds from the ravages to which they are exposed.

The rough, prickly burrs and the astringent covering of the chestnut and walnut, which drop off only after the fruit is fully matured, repel the premature attacks of the little depredators who feed entirely upon nuts, while the inner shell, or back, presents some obstacle to the ravages of still more destructive insects.

It has been remarked, that "while mice, and woodchucks, and squirrels will lay up stores of the thin-shelled nuts, often carrying them long distances, the heavy-shelled ones will seldom be molested, but remain where they fell near the parent tree."

A keen observer of nature tells us, that if we examine any number of nuts that the squirrels have rifled, we shall find that they always drill through the shell at the one spot where the meat will be most exposed, even when there is no external mark or indication in the form of the nut by which we could tell whether the edge or side of the meat is towards us.

We are sometimes puzzled to know how all the birds that remain with us during the winter manage to find the means of living; and it would be impossible for them to do so if all the plants and shrubs and trees shed their seeds at the same time that they throw off their leaves, and with the same thoroughness.

The seeds that remain upon the branches until spring furnish them with food; while the woodpecker and his associates, who depend upon the eggs and larvæ deposited in the bark of trees for their sustenance, are about as well off in the winter as they are in summer. The little black beans contained in the pods of the locust would not be a very attractive diet to us; while the quails who feed upon them are always in demand.

Squirrels and other provident creatures who lay up their stores for the winter while the supply is abundant are tolerably sure of a comfortable subsistence, unless, as is sometimes the case, they are rifled of their stores by a cunning and unscrupulous neighbor.

It would be superfluous to add that no actual seed can ever be produced by the art of man; he may be able to imitate the form and color and perfume of a seed, but he can make nothing that will ever grow—he might as well attempt to create a universe.

LIKE AND DISLIKE.

It seems absolutely incredible that Peter the Great, the father of the Russian navy, should shudder at the sight of water, whether running or still, yet so it was, especially when alone.

His palace gardens, beautiful as they were, he never entered, because the river Moscva flowed through them. His coachman had orders to avoid all roads which led past streams, and if compelled to cross a brook or bridge, the great emperor would sit with closed windows, in a cold perspiration.

Another monarch, James I., the English Solomon, as he liked to be called, had many antipathies, chiefly tobacco, fling, and pork. He never overcame his inability to look with composure on a drawn sword; and it is said that on one occasion, when giving the accolade, the king turned his face aside, nearly wounding the new-made knight. Henry III. of France had so great a dislike to cats that he fainted at the sight of one.

This will seem as absurd as extraordinary to lady lovers of that much petted animal, but what are we to say of the Countess of Lamballe, of unhappy history, to whom a violet was a thing of horror? Even this is not without its precedent, for it is on record that Vincent, the painter, was seized with vertigo and swooned at the smell of roses.

Scaliger states that one of his relations was made ill at the sight of a lily; and he himself would turn pale at the sight of water-cresses, and could never drink milk.

Charles Kingsley, naturalist as he was to the core, had a great horror of spiders. The genial author of the "Turkish Spy" says that he would far prefer sword in hand to face a lion in his desert lair, than have a spider crawl over him in the dark. The cat, as we have previously mentioned, has repeatedly been an object of aversion. The Duke of Schomberg, though a redoubtable soldier, would not sit in the same room with a cat.

A courtier of the Emperor Ferdinand carried this dislike so far as to bleed at the nose on hearing a cat mew. A well-known English officer who has proved his strength and courage in more than one campaign, turns pale at the sight of a cat.

Lord Lauderdale, on the other hand, declared that the mewing of a cat was to him sweeter than any music, while he had the greatest dislike to the lute and the bagpipe.

In this latter aversion he was by no means singular. Dogs too have come in for their share of dislike. De Musset cordially detested them. When a candidate for the Academy he called upon a prominent member.

At the gate of the chateau a dirty, ugly dog received him most affectionately, and insisted on preceding him into the drawing-room, De Musset cursing his friend's predilection for the brute.

The Academician entered and they adjourned to the dining-room, the dog at their heels. Seizing his opportunity the dog placed his muddy paws upon the spotless cloth and carried off a bonne-bouche. "The wretch wants shooting!" was De Musset's muttered thought, but he politely said:

"You are fond of dogs, I see?"

"Fond of dogs!" retorted the Academician—"I hate them!"

"But this animal here?" queried De Musset.

"I have only tolerated it because I thought it was yours, sir."

"Mine!" exclaimed the poet; "the thought that it was yours alone kept me from killing him!"

We have read somewhere of a man who, if he saw a crayfish, became perfectly limp and helpless, while the perspiration streamed from his face.

Boyle, philosopher though he was, tells us himself that he was unable to overcome his aversion to the sound of a jet of water splashing from a pipe. He records the case of a man whose antipathy to honey was so great, that a poultice of which it was an ingredient, applied to his foot, made him ill.

He mentions that a servant of his could never hear a knife sharpened, or a sheet of brown paper torn, without bleeding at the gums. Cheene, secretary to Francis I., would bleed at the nose at the sight of apples. Jean Jacques Rousseau writes of a Persian lady who was always seized with uncontrollable and violent laughter at the sound of any music.

It may be said that the majority of the above-mentioned cases, curious as they undoubtedly are, are mental or nervous antipathies; constitutional and deep-seated perhaps, but still affecting only the nervous system.

THOMAS LONGLEY, an innkeeper of Dover, England, is said to be the heaviest man in the world, being 560 pounds in weight. He is a little over six feet in height, and measures eighty inches around the waist. He is unable to walk much, and does not trust himself in a carriage for fear of breaking the springs. He is very temperate in eating and drinking.

O TENDER EYES.

BY W. W. LONG.

O, tender eyes of softest brown,
They think that they have crushed me down;
Oh, lips of goddess—warm, red lips,
Where love his sweetest nectar sips;
And did they, dared they o'er divine,
When they in hatred did combine,
That they could tear us two apart;
Could sunder loving heart from heart!
Hate was their bitter, crushing dower,
But we have killed it with Love's power.

FOUND AT LAST.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

HE instructed Mysie to say that he was not at home that day to any one except Dick Musgrave. He would see him, because, to please Lucie, he was desirous of urging upon him the importance of proving his mettle by producing some thoroughly good piece of work.

But he was not at all sorry, although a little surprised, that Dick did not present himself.

Pate gave the day to his picture. He strove hard and earnestly; he painted and painted out in his effort to reproduce that "Something," which was so vivid to his mental eye, and which still eluded the most sensitive touches of his brush.

Again and again he sat down disheartened; again and again resumed his attempt, but still without success. So absorbed was he that he did not hear Mysie's repeated appeals at the door that he should come to his "denner, for it was gettin' perfectly fushionless." (Pate adhered to the old-fashioned custom of dining as a rule at midday.)

At length he ceased, more disappointed with himself than ever. Was that ideal he had formed so unattainable? It seemed so for the present; either his ideal was beyond his power of expression or too much self-doubt paralyzed his hand.

Yet it seemed to be within his reach when he stood in Mr. Ormond's drawing-room that afternoon, talking to Lucie and noting her every look, every flash of the bright, sympathetic eyes, finding the sweetest music in every tone of her voice.

Again came doubt; his love was too intense, too sacred to render outward sign possible. He would abandon that picture; for he felt sure that he could never complete it.

He would not look at it any more until the time came when he might show her what he had been vainly striving to do.

He could not carry out his resolution of speaking to her that afternoon, even if he had felt able to do so, for they were not a moment alone together.

But he felt that she found pleasure in his presence, and he would have been dull, indeed, if he had not observed how much more homely and at ease she was in speaking to him than to any one else.

The whole of that evening and during several days Lovelace's comforting lines were ringing through his brain.

> He either fears his fate too much,
> Or his deserts are small,
> Who fears to put it to the touch,
> To win or lose it all!

He would brave his fate when the time came; and his mind was full of this great purpose that he scarcely heeded the continued absence of Dick Musgrave from the studio.

When that gentleman did present himself, he looked sallow and out of sorts, as if he were just recovering from a bilious attack, and he was not so spruce in his attire as usual.

"What's been the matter, Dick?" inquired Pate cordially. "Have you been in the country?"

"No," answered Dick, listlessly. "Wish I had."

"You cannot have been ill, or surely you would have sent for me?"

"Well, I haven't been particularly spry. Bile, I suppose, or something of that sort. Dare say it'll pass off in a day or two."

He laughed; but the sound had not the usual hearty ring of Dick's laugh. Pate looked at him steadily for a moment.

"Something has upset you. Been playing baccarat?"

"Haven't touched a card for ages, and you know I never play deep."

"Run short then in some other way?"

"No."

"Then what is it?"

"Haven't I told you?—bile, and can't get on with work. Consequence—miserable. That's all."

But that was not all, and Pate knew it, although he was unable to surmise what could have so damped the high spirits of his young friend since a low ebb of finances had nothing to do with it.

"Why don't you smoke?"

"Oh, I forgot," answered Dick, very hastily.

He took out his pipe, filled it, and put it in his mouth, but he did not light it. Pate thought there must be something very wrong indeed when Dick forgot to light his pipe.

"There, help yourself to a tonic," he said, as he took out a decanter and glasses from a little ebony cabinet and placed them beside an Egyptian carafe.

"Thanks. I will."

Dick presently revived a little under the influence of Pate's special blend of old Highland whisky, which had the reputation of being comforting, cheering, and innocuous—if you did not take too much of it. After his draught Dick lit his pipe and became more communicative.

"I saw old Ormond the other day," he said abruptly.

"Well?" queried Pate, pretending to be busy examining some paint tubes.

"I took your advice, and asked him outright what I had done to offend him, so we had a row."

"A row—what was that about?"

"I suppose it was for the ordinary reason of a row—because he and I couldn't agree," was the response, with another forced laugh which was very unpleasant to the hearer.

"Yes, but what was the particular subject you could not agree about?"

"There were half a dozen subjects. However, there is no use talking about them. We've had the row, and he declines the privilege of having any further acquaintance with me. He and his daughter will in future regard me as a stranger."

There was a painful note in the tone of this hitherto light-hearted young fellow's voice as he uttered the last sentence, which perplexed Pate very much.

It was evident that Dick was keeping back from him the real cause of misunderstanding.

"I should like to put things right between you; but I cannot do that without knowing the precise cause of your dispute."

"You couldn't put it right if you did know. Don't let us talk any more about it."

And Dick was obstinate on this point. He went away without giving Pate any information which could enable him to guess what was the real nature of the quarrel between his two friends.

His thoughts were speedily and entirely diverted from the subject by the arrival of a note with the intimation that the bearer waited an answer.

Pate's heart bounded into his throat when he saw that the note was from Lucie.

"Dear Mr. Smith,"—she wrote—"I want so much to see you, to speak about something that is troubling me very much. I think you can help me; will you?"

"Will I?" he was almost choking with joy at the thought of being able to render her a service of any kind.

"Can you come to-day?" the letter proceeded. "I shall be alone until four o'clock. Yours very faithfully,

"LUCIE ORMOND."

He wrote a hasty reply to the effect that he would follow the messenger immediately. He was so full of joy that his hurry fulfilled the old saying, and caused him to make the less speed in preparing to part on this momentous journey to Kensington Gardens.

He was dazed with the thoughts which danced in his brain confusedly, and yet always presented some beautiful design like that changing figures in a kaleidoscope.

Now he was wondering what could be her trouble, and why she should seek his help; again he was counting the minutes which must elapse before he could reach her.

In the centre of the kaleidoscope of thought there was one fixed idea; his opportunity had come. He was to see her alone, and he would tell her everything; tell her how for years he had been yearning to speak the words which he could no longer suppress; tell her of the great joy which her love would bring to him, and of the great work her influence would enable him to achieve.

CHAPTER III.

PATE was quite sure that there was not another hansom in London which could travel so slowly as the one he had hired for the journey to Kensington Gardens.

The promise of double fare did not seem to make the slightest difference in the pace. More than once he felt disposed to jump out and try his luck with another vehicle.

But some remnant of self-possession restrained him, and he recognized the fact that both horse and driver were doing fairly well.

When the cab stopped at Mr. Ormond's door, Pate got out and bounded up the steps two at a span. The stolid driver chuckled over his extravagant fare and drove quickly away, lest the gentleman should discover his mistake and demand his change.

With his hand on the knocker Pate paused. He was flushed and excited—conscious that he was not in the condition in which he would like to present himself to Lucie. He tried to recover his mental equilibrium by slowly counting a hundred.

What was he going to say to her? He had come there in obedience to her appeal that he would assist her out of some difficulty; and instead of thinking about that he had been all the time thinking about himself and the opportunity afforded by her invitation to speak of himself.

"Selfish to the last degree," he thought, with some slight return to common-sense. "I must first attend to her affairs—after that, my own."

This reflection calmed him, and with an exercise of will he kept the idea fixed in his mind—he was in the first place to render her the service she required.

He was shown into the drawing-room, and presently the domestic returned to conduct him to Lucie's boudoir—a dainty little room which, like the other rooms of the house, was filled with pictures and knick-knacks.

"It is good of you to come so promptly, but I knew you would," said Lucie, advancing to him with both hands extended. "Thank you very much."

There was distress in her voice, and he saw that she was looking pale and weary, as if she had not slept during the night. He was alarmed.

"I hope your father is not seriously ill?" he said. "I can think of no other calamity which could affect you so much."

"Papa is very well—that is not it. But he has done something which has made me very miserable."

She spoke hesitatingly and with some awkwardness. At any other time he too would have hesitated when he found—as her words clearly indicated—that he was called in as an arbiter between father and daughter; but at present he was too much excited, too eager to help and please her, to be able to take a practical view of the situation.

"I am sorry to hear that you are—unhappy," he said, with all the calmness at his command, and more sensibly than might have been expected; "but you know, that your father would sacrifice anything rather than cause you the least discomfort. There is some misunderstanding on your part, or his, maybe. What is the meaning of it?"

She did not answer immediately, but looked more distressed and more awkward than before. Clearly there was an explanation for which she found difficulty in finding words.

She glanced alternately at him and at the floor, whilst the figures of her clasped hands twitched nervously round each other.

She was like a school-girl who in presence of the examiner is afraid to blunder in the answer to his question, although she knows it perfectly.

"I don't know how to tell you—and yet I want to do so. Perhaps you too will blame me."

"That is impossible."

He took her hands, separated them, and held one in each of his own firmly, as if to lift her out of the slough of despond into which she appeared to have fallen. He had no more sense of being unduly familiar than he would have had if he had been rescuing her from drowning.

"Be sure that you cannot have anything but sympathy from me, whatever may be the cause of this trouble, and, to start with, I believe you are vexing yourself by exaggerating some hasty words your father may have spoken."

"It is no exaggeration—oh, Mr. Smith! you have no idea—you can have no idea how serious it is."

"Then help me to form one. Speak straight out. That is always the easiest way to tell anything bothersome. Come, what is it? You know that you can count upon me to do whatever you wish that may help you."

"Papa—" she stopped again, as if it were impossible to get the confession out.

"Well?" queried Pate, after waiting a few moments, watching her downcast eyes.

"Papa—papa has told Mr. Musgrave that he must never come here again."

"There is nothing so very dreadful in that. They have had a tiff, I am aware, but they will be better friends than ever in a day or two."

He spoke thus on the spur of the moment; but before the sentence was finished he was conscious of a curious coldness creeping over him as if a draught of icy air had suddenly passed down his spine.

"No, no," she responded, shaking her head very sadly; "they will not be friends at least not for a long time."

"What is the cause of this terrible feud?" he said lightly, trying to rally himself as well as her."

"I am the cause, for—for——" with a violent effort she overcame her hesitation and made her confession in a great hurry—"Dick and I want to get married, and papa says he will never consent."

He dropped her hands. For him there was instant and absolute darkness in the room.

He did not know how long the darkness continued; a minute it was by the clock—a century it seemed to him. He opened his eyes, and all the world was changed. The sunshine had gone for ever, and he felt himself to be a very old, old and feeble man.

The buoyancy of youth which had been so lately inspiring his movements, the electricity of hope which had been thrilling through him, were gone. Faust had been transformed from age to youth; he was transformed from youth to age.

How droll it seemed that he had entered the house with nerves quickened to the intensest enjoyment of life; and now in a moment they seemed to be incapable of any sensation of pain or pleasure!

"Are you ill, Mr. Smith?" asked the tender voice that had been so precious to him. "Can I get anything for you?"

"It was nothing. Only a spasm—the doctors have told me the machinery does not work accurately here" (touching his breast.) "But we need not mind that. We have got to talk about—about—" (he was still a little dazed, but he was mastering his weakness)—"about our friend Dick. Let me see; what can I do for you—how can I help you?"

There was a kindly smile on his face, but the infinite sadness of it she did not understand until long afterwards. The selfishness of love at present blinded her to his suffering, as it had blinded him to the real meaning of her eagerness to him. So she answered quickly:

"You can give me the greatest help. You are the one whose opinion papa values next to his own. You can tell him what you think of Dick. I know you think highly of him, and that is why I asked you to come and help me. Oh, Mr. Smith, if you can remove papa's prejudices, and persuade him to let Dick come here as he used to do, you will make me very happy! Will you try?"

"I will try a great many things, and try them very hard, to make you happy."

He was smiling again, and the pathos of the smile was still as invisible to her as his pain.

"Your promise makes me begin to feel happy already," she said, and there were joyful dewdrops in her eyes, which soothed the man whose greatest hope in life had been destroyed within the last few minutes.

"I am glad of that," he rejoined in a low voice; "for it is something to have given you a little pleasure, even if I fail to convince your father that he is mistaken in regard to our friend."

Pate was afterwards puzzled to understand how he had managed to speak so quietly—how he had been so quickly changed from the lover into the friend.

"You cannot fail," she exclaimed confidently. "He has told me ever so often that he thinks more of your opinion on every subject than of anybody else's. Oh, I am quite sure that he will yield if you tell him that you think he ought to do so!"

"You are trusting too much to my influence, I am afraid, and I must ask you to be prepared for disappointment."

"I trust my happiness to you," she said earnestly.

"You place me under a grave responsibility, Lucie—you will let me call you Lucie, now that I am a sort of foster-father, won't you?"

"You used to call me Lucie when I was a child," she answered, laughing through the dewdrops which still lingered in her eyes; she was so much relieved in having gained this ally in the campaign against what she thought her father's prejudice.

He felt a momentary twinge in being reminded that he had been a grown-up man when she was still a child.

"Very well, Lucie, I shall do what I can and may do to make your father alter his decision. But we must not be hasty. We must give him time to think over the whole affair."

"He has had lots of time to think over everything—he has had ever since the day before yesterday. Please do not puff off the time of speaking to him—it keeps me in such a state of suspense that I cannot sleep. Do go to him at once and make him send for Dick."

"I am afraid he will not yield to argument so speedily as your impetuous wish would have him. But I shall do my best. Is he in the house now?"

"Yes, in the study."

She rang the bell hastily, and told the servant who answered it that Mr. Smith desired to see her father.

"I shall feel like that poor woman in 'waiting for the verdict' whilst you are away," she said with a nervous laugh; and indeed the poor girl was already on the verge of hysterics in consequence of excitement and want of sleep.

"I want you to promise me one thing, Lucie"—he liked to repeat the name; the privilege of doing so was some comfort to him. "You are to do exactly as your father may direct."

"Of course I will—if I can; and of course I must try."

She added the latter words hurriedly, fearing that the qualified promise was not satisfactory to her advocate. He did not attempt to argue with her, having faith in the good sense which would guide her when she became a little calmer.

On his way to the study he walked with head bowed and so slowly that the nimble-footed domestic had to wait several minutes at the door for him. He was not thinking of the manner in which he should discharge his mission; his brain was still too numbed for thought.

He was looking back upon that beautiful vision of pure sunlight and peace through which he had passed into a region of utter and hopeless darkness.

He had a firm hold of one idea, however; he would keep his secret, and it should die with him. She should never know at what cost he served her in this matter.

No regret for him should ever cast a shadow athwart her bright future. For it would be a bright and happy future if any sacrifice of his could help to make it so.

Mr. Ormond was standing by the window absorbed in the examination of a small picture. It was a landscape, engrained with dust; the frame was worn, covered with fly-spots and chipped at the corners and edges.

He did not look up when Pate entered, although vocally he gave him a cordial greeting.

"You have come in the nick of time, Smith. I am delighted to see you, and here is something that will interest you, or I have made the greatest mistake of my life. Come here, and look and wonder!"

Pate looked, but for some moments did not take in the character of the work about which his friend was in such evident ecstasy.

"Well?" was the impatient query. "Isn't it a find? Do you not recognise the hand? I saw it in an old Yorkshire inn, and have been on tenter-hooks about it for the last three months. The landlady was not in-

clined to part with it, because she said it was the picture of a place close by where she was born. But at last she gave it to me for ten pounds—ten pounds, sir! that was all; and I daresay the old dame considers me an extravagant lunatic. . . . Don't you see what it is, man?—it's a real Turner!"

At this Pate's senses were quickened. He began to see and also to remember that his mission would prove a disastrous failure if he should exasperate Ormond by showing apathy in regard to a subject which was of profound interest to him. After studying the painting attentively he answered:—

"It is good work anyhow, and it is like Turner."

"Like!" exclaimed Mr. Ormond. "Why, there cannot be a doubt of it. Look at this water—look at the trees—observe the sky. No man but Turner could do that."

"I believe you are right; but you must give me more time to examine it before giving a final opinion. It has not been well cared for."

"No, and I am afraid to let any one touch it. But I suppose we must have Checchi up to clear off some of the dirt."

"You will be safe enough in his hands."

"I shall be at his elbow all the time he is working upon it. But you think it is a find?"

"Certainly—no matter who painted it."

"Ah, then if I am mistaken, the blunder will be excusable. But I am as perfectly satisfied of its origin as if I had myself bought it in Turner's studio. There will be rare talk over it—ha, ha, ha! and no doubt Ruskin will be up to criticise the new-found treasure. You must be here when he comes if he gives me any warning.'

The *virtuoso* rested back in his chair chuckling with intense enjoyment of his anticipated triumph as the discoverer of a hitherto hidden Turner. Pate seized the moment of good humor to broach the business he had most at heart.

"I can tell you that there is a friend of ours who ought to have an opportunity to examine the picture thoroughly before you allow it to be touched. He is young in years, but he is old in his study of Turner's work, and is perhaps second only to Ruskin in his sensitive perception of the master's hand. You should send for him."

"By all means—I shall be delighted to have the opinion of any one whose experience of Turner's works may entitle him to express an opinion. What is the name of your friend?"

"I said our friend—Dick Musgrave."

Ormond regarded the speaker with an expression of blank astonishment which gradually changed to a smile as if he became slowly conscious of a joke.

"I did not think you would try to make fun of an event of this kind, Smith," he said reproachfully. "You know as well as I do that Musgrave has no more sympathetic insight in Art than he has power to produce a real work of Art. He is only a spoiler of canvas and a waster of paint."

"For once you are wrong—absolutely wrong, Mr. Ormond," rejoined Pate, quietly. "That young man will be recognised as one of our foremost painters before we are many years older."

"Absurd!" was the impatient interruption.

"His affectation of indifference has deceived you," continued the advocate; "and—you must pardon me—your persistent depreciation of his recent efforts has largely contributed to rouse in him a spirit of resentment through which he has shown himself to you in his worst form. I know that for the last year you have not seen the real Dick Musgrave; I have."

Mr. Ormond was, as Pate had told Dick, a good-natured man, despite his vanities. He liked to think well of the people he met as much as he liked them to think well of him, and never hesitated to acknowledge an error of judgment in the character of a man, although he had never been known to make a similar admission in regard to a picture. Dick had hurt him sorely by showing that he did not care a button for his judgment in this particular respect, and Mr. Ormond found it difficult indeed not to resent the young man's presumption.

Listening to Pate's eulogium, he was at first inclined to tell him angrily that he would hear no more. But he controlled the impulse, closed his eyes, placed the tips of his fingers together, and waited. Then:—

"I shall not be sorry to learn that the young man is worthy of the high opinion you have formed of his character and prospects. You ought to know by this time that no one can have greater pleasure than I in giving merit—not to speak of genius—its due, wherever it is found."

"That is why I am speaking so earnestly to you on behalf of our friend."

"Do not call him our friend, for I have deliberately declined his further acquaintance."

"You will not persist in that resolution?"

"It is extremely probable that I shall," answered Mr. Ormond, coldly; "at least until I can perceive in him some of the fine qualities you credit him with. You would not blame me if you only knew the audacity with which he spoke to me here—here, in this room—only the other day. The fellow, after treating me as he has done, actually asked me to sanction an engagement between him and my daughter!"

"I know it, and it is on your daughter's account that I dare to say that you will not persist in your resolution to banish Musgrave from your house."

Mr. Ormond rose and took up a position on the hearthrug. His thumbs were hooked in his waistcoat pockets, his head leaning slightly towards his shoulder, and with eyelids puckered he surveyed Pate as curiously as if that gentleman had been a picture, or some phenomenal piece of *bric-a-brac*.

"On my word, Smith, you puzzle me. Surely you are forgetting that I have had a few years' more experience of the world than you, and that I am bound to take every possible precaution to insure the future happiness of my child."

"It is to insure her happiness that I am pleading," answered Pate, fervently.

"And you think it is to be insured by my consenting to her union with a man who has no position, and who, so far as my present lights go, is not likely to make one! Think of it for a moment, Smith—think of it, and, although you are not a father, you will realise what a preposterous proposition you are making."

"I have told you what my conviction is regarding his prospects, and I know that her happiness depends on your acceptance of the engagement."

"Then she has been speaking to you?"

"Yes, and that is why I am so anxious you should understand Musgrave's real character."

Mr. Ormond was silent for a little time, and stared frowningly at the pictures opposite, but without seeing them. At length:—

"I have always desired," he said thoughtfully, "that my daughter should be guided by her own instincts in the most important step of a woman's life—that is, the choice of the man who will have it in his power to make her future happy or miserable. I do not specially desire a rich husband for her—thank Heaven she is well provided for!—but I do desire that the man to whom she is to be united should be one possessed of some ballast, and endowed with some intellectual gifts. Now, had you been lucky enough to win her, I don't think you would have found me making any fuss about the affair. But in Musgrave's case—well, I am compelled to object."

Pate's heart throbbed with antagonistic emotions as he listened to that gracious reference to himself. *If* he had been lucky enough to win her, then there would have been no bar to the joy of which he had for a brief space dreamed. Might he not win her yet, if Musgrave were finally dismissed? He started back from the Judas-like thought which had flashed upon him; but the knowledge that her father would have accepted him rendered his sense of loss the keener and the more bitter. He spoke hurriedly, lest his love should tempt him to be treacherous to Lucie and his friend.

"Will you suspend your judgment of Musgrave, say for twelve months? Will you give him the chance of proving what stuff he is made of—for your daughter's sake?"

Mr. Ormond hesitated; and then, shrugging his shoulders and smiling, as if yielding rather to Pate's importunity than to his own conviction of the issue of the trial, he said blandly:—

"I have no objection to endeavor to suspend my judgment if Lucie asks me to do so."

"Then, if it depends on her, the matter is settled!" exclaimed Pate, intensely relieved. "Now, one thing more. Will you allow me to take this picture to my studio, and will you listen to what Musgrave has to say about it before we let him know that it is yours?"

"That would be an amusing test of his discrimination, certainly," answered Mr. Ormond. "I will bring it to your place myself to-morrow, at half-past ten."

"And I will have Musgrave there by eleven."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Their First Quarrel.

BY HENRY FRITH.

THE door slammed between them, Kate on the inside and Harry on the outside, for they had just had their first quarrel—a real, genuine, quarrel, and it would be hard to say which one felt worst about it.

There wasn't the least likelihood that Harry Montclair would come back, for he was already in danger of being late for the boat; and Mrs. Montclair knew that quite well, but she turned the key in the door with a vicious little jerk, and then she flung herself on the lounge and burst into a passionate fit of crying. They were the first tears she had shed since her marriage; and as she thought on that her sobs redoubled, and she murmured, brokenly, "To think that Harry should have refused me the first thing I ever asked of him—the very first! Oh, what humiliation! I feel ready to vow that it shall be not only the *first*, but the *last* thing I shall ever, ever ask of him. Oh, oh, oh!"

By the bye, Mrs. Katie, having cried away her bad temper, began to feel very much ashamed of it; and all at once she felt herself to have been unreasonable in having asked the best and most indulgent husband in the whole world to buy her a certain set of turquoise ornaments when she *knew* he could scarcely afford it, and had met with some rather troublesome business losses in the course of the past six months.

"To think I should have quarrelled with Harry, and about such a thing! What must he think of me? Oh! how ashamed I am! But I'll say so the very minute I see him. I'm not above owning my faults, thank goodness. I'm not quite so bad as that. And now what shall I do to show how sorry I am? Ah, I know! I'll make those shirts Harry was asking about. I'll make them with my own hands and the assistance of a sewing machine, and Harry will be greatly pleased, for it is an accomplishment to be able to make a shirt."

And in a few seconds Mrs. Montclair was cutting out the shirt, basting them together, and singing merrily to the accompanying cheerful hum of the sewing machine.

Meantime Harry Montclair had quite recovered from the momentary irritation that had forced his first impatient words from him towards his pretty and charming little wife.

"My precious little Katie! What a bear she must think me!" he said to himself, about the middle of the afternoon.

He had received despatches and letters by which he learned that certain recent ventures promised to be very profitable; and that already he was richer by several hundreds of pounds than he had supposed himself to be that morning. Add to this satisfactory state of things the agreeable circumstance that his luncheon had been just right, and every reader will understand how he felt, and the sudden determination that "dear little Katie *should* have the set of turquoise, if he had to go without cigars for a year."

It must have been about two hours later that Mrs. Montclair became aware that all the people in the vicinity seemed to be suddenly taken with a fancy to hurry past her house, and there was a strange appearance of haste and agitation about the crowd. When she noticed that she hurried downstairs, and going to the front door she saw that something had happened.

"Oh, ma'am!" exclaimed one of the servants who had been hanging over the gate for news, "there's been an accident—a frightful accident!"

"What kind of an accident, Nelly?" asked Mrs. Montclair, catching her breath.

"The ferry-boat, ma'am—an explosion—the boiler!" gasped the girl, as she caught her half-fainting mistress. "But don't give way so; perhaps the master wasn't on the boat."

Katie made a desperate effort for composure, and asked, in a hoarse, steady voice, "Do you know what hour it was?"

"Five o'clock, ma'am; but, sure, Mr. Montclair doesn't *always* come on *that* boat."

"You know he has never missed it, Nelly—never! Oh, merciful Heaven! What shall I do? What shall I do?"

Her knees seemed to sink under her, and every drop of blood seemed to rush back on her heart, then to rush madly through her veins to her head; and, with a smothered cry of anguish, she burst from the girl's restraining hold, joined the hurrying throng, and flew madly on towards the boat-landing. There, perhaps, she could learn the truth. There had, indeed, been a fearful accident; and soon—too soon—the report was confirmed.

The surging crowd were soon at the boat-landing, straining their gaze in the Greenwich direction; but it was quite impossible to see anything. But over and over again Katie heard repeated all there was to know. The five o'clock boat had but just started on her trip, when a terrible roar was heard of the exploding boiler, and the unhappy passengers were, in a moment, all face to face, with death, and struggling at fearful odds with that dread enemy.

"Perhaps *our* friends were not on board," said one and another; and "perhaps Harry was not on board," thought Katie, as she heard similar words spoken all around her. Every heart sought comfort in the same thought, but, alas! someone must be dead or missing, for the boat was heavily loaded with passengers, as it always was at that hour. Hundreds of anxious hearts besides poor Katie's knew well that on that particular boat husband or lover, or father, or brother, or child, was *sure* to be, for punctuality was one of the cardinal virtues with the business people who want from Woolwich to the City.

Then came another telegram, the contents of which were almost instantly known to the anxious, waiting crowd, and the news spread as the wind blew. The loss of life was terrific, and already boats were picking up dead and living by scores.

Katie Montclair was stifling with anxiety, crushed and despairing, but unconscious of her own danger, when she suddenly heard her name called, and felt a telegram thrust into her hand.

Poor Katie never knew how she did it, but in an instant the yellow envelope was torn open, and her wild eyes had devoured the words:—

"Missed the five boat. Home soon. Don't be alarmed.

"HARRY."

Then she fainted, and would have fallen but for a friendly cabman who recognised her, and picking up the unconscious form, placed her in his vehicle, and drove her home safely to the care of her anxious servants.

It was evening when Harry Montclair at last arrived, and clasped his sobbing little wife to his heart.

"Oh, Harry, Harry, forgive me! I will never be so unreasonable again. Let our first quarrel be our last," she pleaded, penitently.

"Don't think of it, my darling," said Harry, trying to calm and reassure her, though almost as much agitated as herself. "Who knows? Perhaps that quarrel saved my life, because I delayed to buy this set of turquoise, and that was how I missed the boat. Look, dear!"

And opening the case, he displayed the coveted jewels.

"Promise never to quarrel with me again, Harry—never, never!"

"Never, my dear little Katie," said her husband, solemnly; and kissed her again.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR of Wales was severely stung by wasps the other day at Balmoral. His Royal Highness sat inadvertently on a nest, and being attired in a kilt, he soon discovered that Scotch wasps and bare knees are sworn foes.

Scientific and Useful.

SAW-DUST.—Saw-dust thrown on a circular-saw table will render the hauling of heavy planks quite easy. The grains act as small rollers and reduce friction.

IRON ORNAMENTS.—It is said that small cast-iron ornaments that have been broken may be soldered by cleaning the surfaces to be united of all impurities, then rubbing them with a brass-wire brush till they are covered with the brass. These surfaces can then be tinned and soldered as readily as brass articles.

QUICK STEAM.—A process for the instantaneous generation of steam has lately been patented in England. Remarkable claims are made for its economy. It will save 53 per cent. in fuel, 94 per cent. in boiler space, and 66 per cent. in the cost of plant. Moreover, by its use a boiler explosion becomes an impossibility.

CLEANING GREASE SPOTS.—Equal parts of strong ammonia solution, ether, and alcohol form a valuable cleaning compound. Pass a piece of blotting-paper under the grease-spot, moisten a sponge, first with water to render it "greedy", then with the mixture, and rub the spot with it. In a moment it is dissolved, saponified, and absorbed by the sponge and blotter.

PURE WATER.—A professor claims to have discovered that a grain of alum in a gallon of water will reduce the colonies of bacteria—if the water is sufficiently infested—from 8,100 to about 30, and the remaining bacteria will be the large ones and can easily taken out by filtering. The amount of alum required, he says, is too small to be detected by taste, and it is not harmful to health.

TO CURE DAMP CELLAR WALLS.—Boil two ounces of grease with two quarts of tar for nearly twenty minutes in an iron vessel, having ready pounded glass, one pound; slaked lime, two pounds, well dried in an iron pot, and sifted through a flour-sieve. Add some of the lime to the tar and glass, to form a thin paste only sufficient to cover a square foot at a time about an eighth of an inch thick.

LAMPS.—Sometimes the lamp-wick will obstinately refuse to be turned up in an orderly manner. It will seem firmly wedged at one side, while the other will run up in a point, causing weariness and vexation of the spirit. To overcome this depravity take a new wick, draw out a single thread near the selvage, and the wick will be found to be quite tractable when introduced into the burner. The cogs will take it up properly, and it will appear in good form and give out an even flame when lighted.

Farm and Garden.

FODDER.—Corn fodder is extensively used in many parts of the country, and though forming a good substitute for hay, it is not as nutritious as new Timothy hay, and from the large amount of stalks it is not nearly as convenient to feed as hay. However, when grown by the owner it may be used to advantage during the winter season.

COAL AND WOOD.—A practical farmer, who burns both coal and wood in different stoves, makes a practice of mixing the ashes and applying all on his young orchard in the spring. He believes that the potash of the wood ashes is effective in small quantities, and that in addition to the coal ashes makes the latter much more absorptive of ammonia or nitric acid from the atmosphere.

SEEDS.—In storing away garden seeds place them in woolen bags, with a piece of gum-camphor in each bag, and also dust the seeds with insect powder. These precautions will protect the seeds against insects, which destroy many kinds such as peas, beans, etc. All seeds should be kept in a dry place, and an examination of them should be made several times during the winter.

CLEAN BEDS.—Cows should be given clean beds in the stalls every evening, as it is very important that filth on the udder and teats should be avoided. If the cows be securely stanchioned and the stalls be properly arranged they may escape the filth, but no cow which is intended to produce first-class butter should be permitted to remain in a stall over night until it be thoroughly cleaned, and the floor well covered with new clean litter.

TREES.—Trimming an apple tree does not mean that one must go into the orchard and hack away with axe and saw simply to cut away a certain proportion of wood, but the trees should be evenly trimmed, and no limbs should be removed except such as may benefit the tree by being cut off. Where a limb has commenced to decay it should be removed, however, as it may be caused by disease. Especially is this necessary with pear trees, which are subject to blight.

MAKING PORKERS.—The western man will make his pork out of corn. The eastern man can turn many things to good account with his hogs, which will save grain. Some have utilized apples in this way. They are excellent to fill up hungry hogs, and will give them a good start. Pumpkins are good, so are mangels. It is economy to turn them into a fresh pasture, and allow them all the grass they will eat. The second growth of clover is just the thing, as it is rather tender and inviting. More hogs to enrich the land will make cheap pork.

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In Search of Truth.

In ordinary life we observe in others, and all men of candid discernment observe in themselves, that there are certain truths —truths ultimately acknowledged for such, which the temper of each period of life, while it lasts, is always busy in resisting. Youth has its truths, which it will not see; manhood its truths, old age its truths. But the truths of youth are seen, perhaps, by manhood; the truths of manhood by old age, and so forth.

Again, particular situations, particular states of life, particular hours and moments of our existence, have all in them their peculiar sight—their peculiar truths—their peculiar evasions of the truth. These, and their connection with such states of life, such moments, etc., have never as yet received the direct attention of the thinker and philosopher; but they demand it.

It is not merely a high intellectual faculty which may be brought to such an investigation as this; a certain very unusual degree of moral greatness would be found equally necessary—a moral greatness capable of confessing, and of dwelling in the knowledge, that its own breast, how pure soever, is sown with all those seeds of evil which sprout to crimes, not excepting the most frightful and the so called unnatural. Our philosopher must be one, therefore, who knows himself with a wise and candid knowledge, and who humbly seeks in his own breast, with the certainty that it is there, the clue to every winding that error has; the root, the stem, the leaf of every moral weed the most noxious, who watches the ugly imps of evil within him so narrowly, that he knows their very times of coming, and their modes of entrance, and can teach others the science of prevention because he has acquired it.

If we consider, what is assuredly the fact, that all men possess in themselves the perfect garden of humanity, and want nothing but the art of its cultivation to find themselves possessed of every flower included in the system, it must seem the more astonishing, that any who make truth an object of pursuit, should so overlook their natural advantages as to turn their view outwards instead of inwards, and should seek abroad with pains and difficulty what they might with no trouble find at home—if they could lay aside their fond exceptions.

One man shall travel the world round and see not so much as another that was never a mile from his birth-place. And even in matters of science it is certain that, whatever special wonders this or that land may have to offer to the traveler's notice, all countries possess in common the same generic features of Nature.

It is the same in morals. The point of truth, however, lies in the middle, between self and social observation, for morals; between national and foreign for politics, and between theory and practice for all knowledge whatsoever.

It is one of the misfortunes of truth, or rather it is one of the sins of language, that all treatises proposing truth for their aim, do and must proceed on the plan of making some word or phrase their pivot of motion. This word or phrase is their centre or focus, and if the treatise draws out from that centre the radii of its speculations with equal hand to all sides of a circle, then that is a perfect treatise, but a most imperfect draught of the truth. Thus what is made a merit in our individual effort—their roundness, their completeness—is itself the very defect which leaves truth's actual and integral form still a thing unknown and undefined—a thing conceived only in the imagination of the poets.

Here, then, in a few words, lies our ultimate misfortune. First, as regards thought; we cannot master that point as to survey the entire field of the truth at one glance, but we can only see a small part at a time. Secondly, as regards the medium of thought; we cannot handle thoughts in the gross, but only in that epitome which language furnishes. We can therefore never either, first, possess thoughts wholly just, nor, secondly, deliver justly the thoughts we have. A scheme of philosophy entirely just and consonant to truth is, for these reasons, a mere chimera.

But here comes the best office of philosophy; here comes the occasion for its highest action; for here is it the more necessary to withstand that passion of the mind which, proposing to itself individual distinction, or otherwise too selfish to rejoice in comparative good, refuses to bestir itself in that which has no perfection for its ultimate prospect.

Perfection should be always our polar star of life, yet not in the sense of a contemplated acquisition, but only—agreeably to the strict figure—as an object of direction, which we are to follow not the less industriously nor the less gratefully because it will still, advance as we may, lie for ever to the north.

It is the summit of philosophy to know we follow what we shall never overtake, yet not less willingly to follow. Because this is improvement, though not consummation.

With respect to the affairs of Truth generally very much is still in our power, and that much neither abstract and over-speculative, nor uninteresting to the student of philosophy, but of immediate concern to all, and with a powerful bearing on practical life. But there is only one condition on which truth will be wooed. He that begins must begin with a courage able to meet any conclusions. Otherwise the whole pursuit is a farce, and to talk of truth the merest play of words.

BEYOND all question, it is the unalterable constitution of nature that there is efficacy — divine, unspeakable efficacy — in love. The exhibition of kindness has the power to bring even the irrational animal into subjection. Show kindness to a dog, and he will remember it; he will be grateful; he will infallibly return love for love. Show kindness to a lion, and you can lead him by the mane; you can thrust your head into his mouth; you can melt the untamed ferocity of his heart into an affection stronger than death. And if this blessed influence should extend itself over the earth, a moral garden of Eden would exist in every land; instead of the thorn and brier, would spring up the fir-tree and the myrtle; the desert would blossom, and the solitary place be made glad.

LET home stand first before all other things. No matter how high your ambition may transcend its duties, no matter how far your talents or your influence may reach beyond its doors, before everything else build up a true home. Be not its slave; be its minister. Let it not be enough that it is swept and garnished, that its food is delicious; but feed the love in it, feed the truth in it, feed thought and aspiration, feed all charity and gentleness in it. Then from its walls shall come forth the true woman and the true man, who shall together rule and bless the land.

MORALITY is no mere dull, dry code of laws, as is sometimes represented; it is the harmony of form and spirit, body and soul, knowledge and desire, seeking and working together for the same end and obeying the same principles. That more than mere knowledge is needed the experience of every thoughtful person will testify. Which of us does as well as he knows? How many, with keen and clear perceptions of duty, yet violate it! How many can argue lucidly and eloquently against a vice, yet fall a victim to it! How many inwardly condemn a course of conduct, yet continue to follow it! Their moral nature is only half alive, or rather the body is there, but it has not received the breath of life.

AT the best, no man can know much. Compared with the infinite realms above and beyond us to be yet discovered, the knowledge of the most learned man covers but a tiny spot; and what fraction of such a spot ours may cover is but a small matter. But it does matter to ourselves and to all around us the use we make of what we do possess—whether we carry it around for exhibition, or whether we convert it into a living force to elevate our own natures and to bless and help mankind.

THERE is in every one something truly deserving of commendation, and in most persons there is much. If men do not find it out, it is because they have so little penetration, or because they are so much more eager to discover faults and follies than excellences. All that they need is to turn the same lenient eye upon others that rests upon themselves, and abundant grounds for approval will be manifested.

I CALL that mind free which masters the senses, which protects itself against animal appetites, which contemns pleasure and pain in comparison with its own energy, which penetrates beneath the body and recognizes its own reality and greatness, which passes life, not in asking what it shall eat or drink, but in hungering, thirsting and seeking after righteousness.

IT is only when our path leads down into some dark gorge of trial where no sunbeams fall that we learn the worth of the lamps of heavenly promise. Their beams shone dimly as we walked in the sunshine of human joy and strong earthly hope; but now, in the darkness, they flash out in brilliancy, and change night into day.

WHAT can we do, each of us, to help others to bear their burden of sadness? This: If we are merry, our mirth will not be lessened by trying to bring good cheer to others less fortunate than ourselves; if we, too, are sad, our sadness will be made lighter by forgetting ourselves in thinking for others.

WE can be thankful to a friend for a few acres, or a little money, and yet for the freedom and command of the whole earth, and for the great benefits of our being, our life, health and reason, we look upon ourselves as under no obligations.

LET men but reflect upon their own observation, and consider impartially with themselves how few in the world they have known made better by age. Generally they will see that such leave not their vice, but their vice leaves them.

MAKE a point never so clear, it is great odds that a man whose habits and the bent of whose mind lie in a contrary way, shall be unable to comprehend it. So weak a thing is reason in competition with inclination.

IN the mere light of morality it is an eternal loss to have done wrong; but having done so, the best possible thing that remains is to strive to regain by timely repentance the path of duty.

THE consummation of madness is to do what, at the time of doing it, we intend to be afterwards sorry for; the deliberate and intentional making work for repentance.

MEN commonly think according to their inclinations, speak according to their learning and imbibed opinions, but generally act according to custom.

OUR sins, like our shadows, when our day is in its glory, scarce appear. Toward our evening how great and monstrous they are!

The World's Happenings.

Connecticut deacons call their cider "orchard tea."

Nearly 200 kinds of gold filling are now made for teeth.

The town of Wequoit, Mass., has not a Democratic voter in it.

Naturalists say it takes a pair of quails but 15 minutes to mate.

The Parisians are trying to have cock-fighting legally recognized.

"The Man Who Struck O'Hara" is the most popular song in London.

During the past year the national debt of England was decreased $29,190,513.

A piano over a century old and still playable only fetched $1 at a Reading, Pa., sale.

A nightly gargle of salt and water will strengthen the throat and help to keep off bronchial attacks.

Some Washington young ladies have introduced the fashion of wearing rings on their thumbs.

Iowa has produced a mushroom which weighed 16 pounds. It measured 57 inches in circumference.

Some California Indians have taken to buying coffins for their dead, but they draw the line at hearses.

A girl of 13 was married to a man twice that age in Brunswick, Va., recently, by an itinerant minister.

Princess Bismarck in speaking of her illustrious husband never refers to him otherwise than as "Bismarck."

A soap manufacturer at San Francisco receives a car load of material daily from a soap mine at Tres Pinos.

A Chinaman was induced to head a ticket at an election in Baltimore recently, as a jest, and the ticket received 100 votes.

Rockland, Me., has a business man who has minimized traveling luggage to one collar, carried within the sweat-band of his hat.

A Boston lawyer, it is said, recently won a case in the Western courts which netted him, as a fee, $625,000. He does not practice now.

The mobilization of the French army corps was a great success. The velocipede was in great use, and dogs were used as sentinels.

Heart disease brought on the death of R. W. Hulburt, a rich sexagenarian, who ran to "catch a train" at Nyack, N. Y., recently.

A Paris paper has started a sensation by asserting that the tomb of Napoleon I. has been rifled and the remains of the Emperor stolen.

To her litter of three kittens a Kansas cat added two young rabbits, and later three young raccoons, all of which she is nursing devotedly.

The manufacture of gun flints is still continued in England, and they are sent where the old flintlock muskets have gone—to the natives of Africa.

John Stevens, of Albany, Ind., aged 86 years, is able to work as effectively at his trade, that of a plasterer, as any craftsman in the city 40 years his junior.

Wurtemberg, Germany, has a remarkable mind-reader in the person of a girl, who is said to respond to questions asked of her in languages she does not understand.

An overhauling given the cells of a jail on the Pacific Coast brought to light 23 knives, including two of the pattern used by butchers, 7 large meat saws and 1 fine set saw.

Twelve cents a word from New York to England, Ireland and France, and 15 cents to Germany, are the rates to be charged hereafter by the Commercial Cable Company.

At the Queen's Jubilee celebration at Denby Dale there was a pie weighing over 2 tons, containing 840 pounds of flour, 220 pounds of butter and lard, 225 birds of all sorts, and 67 rabbits.

The eightieth wedding anniversary of Manuel Barriant and wife, of Matamoras, Ill., was recently celebrated. The husband is in the best of health at 102, while the wife enjoys the same blessing at 96.

Charitable women in Boston have decided to organize a temporary relief bureau, having for its object the rendering of immediate aid to poor mothers, with babies, for whom no friendly shelter seems to offer itself.

Two young men of Garden Plain, Kan., fought with slungshots in church to determine which should escort a young woman to her home. One of them had his skull fractured and he died. The minister and his wife suffered slight injuries.

Mrs. Cleveland is reported as saying that she would never sit for a photograph again while she remained mistress of the White House. Some of the prints used as tobacco signs are said to be the cause of her taking this resolution.

A colossal stick of lumber from Puget Sound has been contributed to the Mechanics' Exhibition at San Francisco. Its length is 151 feet, and it is 20x20 inches through. It is believed to be the longest piece of lumber ever turned out of any sawmill.

Horace Allen, a grandnephew of Ethan Allen, the great soldier of the Revolution, 88 years old, has just arrived in Albany from his home in Delaware, Ohio. This does not seem to be an extraordinary fact until one understands that he made the journey of 575 miles on foot and pushing a wheelbarrow.

London gamins, who have been much impressed with the Wild West Show, have invented a play which they call "Buffalo Bill." One boy enacts the part of a buffalo and has to let the other boys butt him in the stomach, after doing which they all run away, pursued by the "buffalo," and the one who is caught has to assume the part. It is a rough game roughly played, for one "buffalo" was butted so severely that he died from the effects of it.

THE WORD OF THE NIGHT.

BY VICTOR PLARR.

The wind from forth of the sea,
The wind from out of our sight,
With mystical minstrelsy
Passes the word of the night

Over the ocean-bars,
And over the shadowy dunes,
And the tale is told by the stars
By boughs that whisper in tunes.

The stars tell it back to the corn
That rustles away and along,
Till the nightingale, up on the thorn,
Is touched into exquisite song.

Is it praise, or delight, or despair,
Or pity you sing in your world?
Nay, but all these are there,
O Night and O marvelous bird!

And I know what you heard from the corn,
O bird, and the stars above,
And the boughs and the sea was born
In the heart of the Infinite Love!

The Captain's Case.

BY ARCHIE FAIRBURN.

CAPTAIN LESTER, of the 200th Regiment, quartered at the Verne Citadel, Portland, had been spending the afternoon in Weymouth, and was now at five o'clock going back by train. Captain Lester was tall and fair, and heavily mustachioed, a good sportsman, somewhat brusque and haughty in manner, and not brilliant intellectually; in short, just such a gentleman and officer as you may see repeated over and over again in all the garrison-towns of England and her colonies all over the world.

More about him need not now be said except that he was bored to death and rather thirsty; but that also is so common a condition of gentlemen in his class that it requires neither comment nor explanation here.

The little train steamed slowly into Portland station, the long line of cabmen standing on their vehicles beyond the platforms clamored for fares (and got very few, poor fellows, for it was early in the season yet, and a fine day and pleasant for walking).

Captain Lester jumped out of the first-class smoking compartment in which he had come from Weymouth, pushed rather roughly past his only travelling companion, a young clergyman in spectacles and a blue ribbon, and shouldered his way through the crowd of alighting passengers.

He was slackening his pace as he breasted the hill that lay between him and his quarters, and was feeling rather inclined to grumble at the warmth of the afternoon and the long slippery slopes of grass before him, when he heard a gentle voice behind him say:—

"Sir, I think you dropped this."

He turned round and faced the young clergyman, his late fellow-traveller, who was coming up after him with a quick, springy walk, beaming through his spectacles with a pair of glistening blue eyes that seemed as if they would have been bright and clear enough without the aid of the lenses which gave them a benevolent and somewhat absurdly mild appearance. "This" turned out to be a silver cigarette case which Captain Lester particularly valued, and which he recollected having had recourse to in the train, so he thanked the finder rather warmly for his trouble in returning it.

"Don't mention it," was the answer. "I am going up to the convict prison, and shall walk through the barracks and the quarries, if I may. You dropped the case on the floor as you got out, and were too quick for me to call after you."

Captain Lester reddened; he had been rude, he knew, in alighting, and he was not fond of clergymen, but this one seemed such a particularly harmless and cheery specimen of his profession, and spoke in such an attractive, penetrating voice, that the gallant soldier felt that some politeness was necessary, and they walked up the hill together, turning occasionally to admire the view.

Portland Roads lay before them, with the guard-ship behind the sheltering sweep of the breakwater, looming big amid tenders, hulks and barges like mother swans among a host of cygnets, or whales among a shoal of lesser fish, or what you will, but all lying very still and quiet in the glittering blue water.

The freshness and peace of the scene seemed particularly to impress the young clergyman. He explained that he had come two days before from a parish in the East End of London for three months, to take the duty of the chaplain of Portland Convict Prison in answer to an advertisement in the 'Guardian,' and he drew a grim picture of the scenes he had left, and the men among whom he habitually worked.

"Yes," he said, "I quite expect to find old acquaintances among the convicts, and I hope I shall; many are excellent fellows in their way, if you care to study character; and much good work can be done among them if a man can and will do it. I particularly want to try the more educated class. I am told they are worse than the others, and one or two here, the Governor says, are quite unapproachable." And he stood drinking in the fresh air and looking ready to face any type of unbelief and vice, till Captain Lester could not help feeling a liking and admiration for his young companion.

He was a rather "sloping-shouldered" youth, but with a deep chest and lissom figure, a little knock-kneed, perhaps, but evidently able to move lightly and deftly enough, while his blue eyes, clear skin, and wavy yellow hair added to the charm of his appearance.

The two descended together into the moat that surrounds the fort, and entered the barrack square through the long dark tunnel of a sallyport. Here, however, Captain Lester refused to part from his companion, insisting on Mr. Spence, as he called himself, coming into the ante-room and having a drink, "A 'lemon-squash,' of course," he added, glancing at the blue ribbon.

Mr. Spence consented, and they strolled into the ante-room together. Two or three of Captain Lester's brother officers were sitting smoking in mufti, and the officer on duty in uniform, with his patrol-jacket unbuttoned, looking rather dusty and cross.

All rose and bowed to Mr. Spence with the slight stiffness affected by "soldier-officers" towards men outside their own profession. Drinks came, and soon Mr. Spence was wiping his spectacles, dimmed for the moment by the effervescence of a foaming lemon-and-soda, while his host solaced himself with what he termed a "whisky-peg."

They then lit cigars and walked through the ante-room into the billiard-room, where the young cleric rose still higher in his new friend's esteem by his apposite criticisms of the cigar he was smoking, and quite captivated Mr. Tim O'Brien, the rich subaltern of the regiment, who was practising the spot-stroke with unvarying want of success, by his appreciation of the difficulty of keeping a billiard-table in order in the cold mists of Portland Bill, and his suggestions as to drying the cloth and ironing the cushions.

"I went in for billiards at Cambridge with a good many other small vices," he remarked in explanation. "It was there I used to keep my weeds in tea, as I was telling you just now; and, by-the-by, I nearly killed a worthy woman by doing so," he added.

"How the deuce was that?" grunted Lester, blowing a cloud.

"Well, you see, she was my chambermaid, and I suppose she did not understand why good tea should be wasted on bad cigars, so she took some out unknown to me, and decocted it in private. I dare say she was unprepared for the result; tea which had lain a year or two among some stronglish Larranagas—I smoked Maduros in those days—would have absorbed a good deal of nicotine, I presume. Anyhow, the old lady was away for the week, and, I believe, nearly died. She never confessed to me, but I heard of it from her 'help,' and she never took my tea after that."

Presently Mr. Spence took a cue, and had a game with Mr. O'Brien, whom he beat. Mr. O'Brien was far from proficient, so the feat hardly astonished the spectators. "I'm out of practice, or I should have won by more," Mr. Spence confided to them as he put on his long frock-coat again and said good-bye.

It was then time to dress for mess, and the young clergyman was setting out to walk to the chaplain's quarters across the quarries alone, when some one looked out of the window and said, "Hullo, there's the Governor and Dimples!"

The Governor of the prison, Captain Crashaw, had come up to speak to the colonel of the regiment, and was talking to him, while his pretty little daughter, irreverently, but not inappropriately, nicknamed "Dimples" by the officers of the regiment, stood outside the mess-house laughing and playing with the odd half-dozen of terriers and odds and ends of doggy eccentricity that always accompany a regiment.

Miss Crashaw was a pleasant and popular young lady, and knew how to enjoy herself. She had rather a monopoly of feminine beauty at Portland, where ladies are scarce; indeed she was almost without a rival, and could afford to pick and choose. So when the young clergyman came out and was introduced to her, she gave him a cool little stare and a nod that was hardly a bow, and went on trying to make Alphonse, a black poodle belonging to one of the officers, jump over her parasol.

"I'll bet two pairs of gloves to one he won't do it in three minutes," murmured Mr. Spence. Dimples looked up. Clergymen who laid the odds in "twelve-buttoned suedes" had not hitherto come within the range of her experience, but the newcomer returned her stare and repeated his offer.

"Is it on?" he said.

"No bet!" she replied, adding with a half-laugh. "I'm shocked at you, Mr. Spence."

"Let me walk home with you then," he answered, "and I'll prove to you that there is nothing shocking. Your way is through the quarries, and so is mine."

"Come along then; father will catch us up."

"And how is it clergymen always succeed with girls? Is it all spiritual conversation?" queried Mr. O'Brien, who had watched them together but had not overheard, and the black poodle, who alone heard his question, looked up sorrowfully as if he could have given an answer, and would have, if he had been able to talk.

Perhaps, being black and gentlemanlike and generally held harmless, he may have occupied some such position in dog society as curates do in ours; but, be that as it may, he could not speak, and so only wagged his tail, and whimpered as he licked the young soldier's hand.

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The rapidity with which Mr. Spence made friends with the officers of the gallant 200th, on the day of his first introduction to them, was only equalled by the extraordinary advances he made in the esteem of all who came in contact with him during the three months of his stay at Portland.

The Governor swore by him, and said he had never known a parson who made less fuss and did more work. His sermons were models of homely eloquence.

The roughest prisoners received his ministrations with attention and respect, while that most unapproachable of all convicts, James Ranken, better known as "1416" or "that blackguard 1416," a young man who had been sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude for two daring burglaries, after having long defied the efforts of the police to bring him to book for a series of card-sharping and gambling iniquities, not unmixed with a suspicion of forgery, used to receive him in his cell with a smile, and converse with him in a cheerful and friendly way.

When this first occurred, the warders peeped in turns through the little round hole in the cell door, and told wondering tales to one another of how Ranken had driven all previous ministers of religion from his cell, with blasphemous abuse and ribald jests.

These latter gibes the warders, and even the old Governor, had been rather fond of repeating to their friends, so the fame of the new chaplain's success was soon widely known. Mr. Spence took all compliments on the subject quietly and modestly.

"I take an interest in all blackguards," he would say, "educated and uneducated alike. James Ranken is only a bad specimen of the former class, and will, I hope, be a credit to me some day, with many of his fellows."

Some one remonstrated with him on the risk he ran from an unforeseen assault.

"I disagree with you," he said, "but I will be careful, and I shall be glad if a warder will keep an eye on us while I am in that cell."

And an old warder promised that some one always should.

It was noticed that the Governor's daughter, little Miss Dimples, kept up the acquaintance she had begun, and for so light-hearted a young lady showed much sympathy with the young clergyman's work, though she frankly acknowledged to feeling still more for him personally.

It was said that they had been met wandering together in an unfrequented spot on Portland Bill, and even that a black-sleeved arm had been suddenly withdrawn from a slender waist; but stories of this kind were seldom repeated in the mess of the 200th, not because military officers never gossip, but because Mr. O'Brien did not like to hear of such proceedings on the part of Dimples, and besides, they were only Weymouth scandal, as every one knew.

Even the sick and aged in outlying Portland villages felt the young man's presence, and he used to take long rambles among the rocks and quarries, botanising, geologising, and doing good works in a simple and unobtrusive way that was charming to behold.

However, three months must come to an end, and the chaplain of the convict establishment was due to return in two days. Mr. Spence, who had long been an honorary member of the mess at the citadel, was dining there for the last time. For the last time he had dilated to his hearers on his zeal in the cause of his Temperance Mission-House in the East End, his interest in the convicts and the budding virtues of his particular convict James Ranken. For the last time he lit a cigarette and entered the billiard-room for a farewell match with Captain Lester.

"Come along, 'Hairpin,' and see them play," said Tim O'Brien.

"Not worth while," answered Mazy, another subaltern, whose long thin legs had gained him his sobriquet. "Lester never plays up unless he has money on."

"But he has money on," was the reply; "they play two hundred up for cash."

"The parson play for money!" ejaculated Mazy.

"Yes, why not? He says it will go to his Temperance Mission-House if he wins."

"Well, I suppose a parson and a blue-ribbonite playing billiards for the red, red gold in the cause of a tea-and-bun shop is not to be seen every day; let's go and look on."

And they went.

In a corner of the billiard-room a small group was hearing from a stout major, who loved the gossip of the Weymouth clubs, how certainly Mr. Spence had been brought to book by little Miss Crashaw at a Rodwell tea-party that very afternoon.

Indeed, though the very words he had used were unrecorded, her part in the transaction was, for in a pause of the conversation she had been heard to murmur, with a lisp she was said to affect only in moments of extreme tenderness, "Mr. Thpenthe, if you love me, thay tho; if you don't love me, thay tho; if you love me and don't like to thay tho, thquesthe my hand." But this again was only Weymouth scandal, of course.

Whatever the truth was, Mr. Spence's love affairs had in no way unsteadied his hand or dimmed his eye, for he beat Captain Lester at billiards, and in a pool which followed he succeeded in pocketing a very fair amount, all of which he proclaimed his intention of devoting to the welfare of his parishioners.

"Don't you think," whispered O'Brien the open-handed to his neighbor, "that we might send the hat round for the little beggar's Mission, as he calls it? He's a good little chap, and very hard up, I expect."

No sooner said than done. A forage cap was handed round; and in a few minutes a pile of gold and silver, amounting to 125 or 130 dollars, was lying in a little glittering pyramid at the bottom of it. Mr. Spence thanked them profusely, tears of gratitude dimming his spectacles.

"This will indeed help me," he said, and I shall take a larger room at once." Then, looking at the amount collected, "I cannot carry all this about with me. Cannot one of you give me a cheque for the amount?"

"I will," cried O'Brien. "I'll give you my cheque, and make it $150 for luck."

"I dare say your balance will stand it," murmured Mr. Spence, smiling. "Quarter day is coming soon."

"Stand it, never fear; I've got enough at least lying at my banker's ready for a horse I am going to buy, so that little bit of paper will be honored in due course."

And he wrote and signed the cheque in his sprawly, careless hand and gave it over, thrusting the handful of gold and silver into his breeches pockets with a laugh at the weight.

Mr. Spence then shook hands all round and retired to his lodgings to bed.

* * * * * *

The following morning, just before sunrise, the 200th were roused to a man by an alarm from the prison. A warder rushed up to the guard-room, shouting inarticulately. A sentry charged in at full speed with bayonet fixed, after discharging his rifle at the regimental goat, which in the morning mists he took for an advanced guard of convicts attacking the citadel.

The piece of ordnance kept ready for such occasions was discharged with startling effect.

For a few minutes there were all sorts of rumors of a rising among the prisoners and the massacre of the Governor and his family. By the time, however, that the colonel had rushed down from his quarters attired in his dressing-gown (followed at intervals by his wife and family in similar

costume, calling on men and officers alike to save their lives from destruction), and restored order, and questioned the breathless warder, it was found that one convict, and only one, had escaped in the night, by ingeniously loosening the stones in the floor of his cell, crawling through a drain, and dropping a considerable height on to the road, where all trace of him was lost.

"And how he could have loosed that stone without tools, and good ones too, no one knows but he," added the warder, in a tone almost of admiration. "But he's a deep one, he is, and always was."

"What sort of a man is he? Who is he?" asked some one.

"Ah, he's a deep one, he is, and always was, and his name is James Ranken!"

The inhabitants of Portland, where a prisoner escapes, always do their best to secure his recapture; and when it was known that one had got out in the night, the quarry-men were soon one and all on the *qui-vive*. No boat was missing, and it was not supposed that he would have left the island on foot in his convict dress; no one had been robbed of clothes, so every one agreed that the missing one was somewhere concealed on the "Bill."

The Colonel posted sentries across the Chesil Beach and the long bleak stretch of road, which runs to the north side of it and forms the only connecting link between the island and the mainland.

All the first morning and afternoon nothing was heard or seen of the lost one, but about six o'clock in the evening, as Captain Lester and one of the majors of the regiment were returning from a walk to the lighthouse, which stands as a warning to sailors on the farthest end of the Bill, they saw on the road ahead of them a crowd of quarrymen, soldiers and fishermen dragging a grey and dusty object between them, which, as they quickened up to get a closer view, they soon perceived to be a man clothed in the drab dotted over with broad arrows that constitutes the attire of the rank and file of her Majesty's prisoners.

As the two officers drew nearer, however, something which attracted their attention in the appearance of the captive, who was vigorously remonstrating, caused Captain Lester to fix his eyeglass in his eye, and exclaim, "By Jove!" while his companion fixed his eyeglass in his eye, and exclaimed, "By Jingo!" and stopping the crowd by calling to two or three of their men who were in it, they pushed themselves among the sturdy Portlanders and stood face to face with Mr. Spence.

Poor Mr. Spence! no longer clad in decent black, no longer rosy, clean and comely, no longer spectacled and benign! In convict's garments which seemed to have been dragged on to him backwards, or, as the major afterwards said, "into which he seemed to have been shoved head foremost," the shoes unlaced, the buttons unfastened; pale, dirty and woe-begone, a cut on his forehead, from which the blood flowed, staining his face and clothes, the Reverend Arthur Spence looked as like a juvenile villain as any young clergyman usually of decent appearance would look, in what are acknowledged to be the most hideous and repulsive garments that the mind of man ever devised or the fingers of man ever constructed.

Loudly he appealed for help and eagerly he told his story, while the soldiers and Portlanders, banked of the reward they had already prospectively shared in good liquor, listened in sulky silence around.

He had been going to visit the sick wife of a coastguard at the station near the lighthouse, whose husband he had become acquainted with on his walks, and was chipping a stone in one of the small disused quarries on the way, when the escaped convict Ranken had fallen on him from behind, thrown him to the ground, and as he lay bleeding and half-stunned stripped him of his clothes, thrusting him into his convict's garments in exchange.

"And then," he continued, "this man, whom I have talked to and prayed over by the hour, tied my thumbs together behind me with a piece of string from my own pocket (a most effective method of handcuffing), and fastened me to the stump of a tree, telling me as he went away that he was sorry he could not stay and preach me a sermon in his turn on Christian charity and the blessings of liberty!"

Poor Mr. Spence! he was conducted back to his lodgings to change his clothes, and went to Weymouth that night to return to London by the first train next day.

The convict's escape was considered of sufficient importance for a detective from London to be sent down to investigate it. He spent much time with his head down the hole by which Ranken had escaped, and still more at the regimental canteen and various public-houses on the island, interviewing warders and soldiers, which left him about as wise as when he came.

One day, however, Mr. Parkins—that was the detective's name, was captured by Lieut. Mazy, a subaltern with whom the reader is already slightly acquainted, and brought, a not unwilling prisoner, to the mess-house, where he sat on a wooden chair with a shiny leather cushion, a stiff wooden little man with shiny eyes and shiny hair, and looked as wise as he could, and as dignified withal, for the subalterns present were inclined to chaff him, and the dignity of the law was at stake.

Drinks were brought, which Mr. Parkins declined, helping himself as he did so, however, to a liberal go of "whisky cold," and breaking forth soon under its genial influence into an account of manifold experiences in the pursuit of various criminals, and especially of James Ranken, whom he had assisted in arresting before, and whom he seemed to regard in some way as his special property.

"You see they are a warmish lot," he said, "and I've known them all——" and then on he went with an account of James Ranken's grandfather, hanged for a burglary at Winchester jail, in the good old days; his father, who grew rich in the city, managing and floating many companies, till some of his little games were found out, and he strangled himself in his cell at Newgate with his braces.

But he had been rich and prosperous, had James's father, and sent his son to college, where he did well till he took to Newmarket, and the blood of his ancestors asserted itself. Then he married the daughter of a publican who kept billiard tables and a betting book, not a hundred miles from Jesus Lane, a pretty girl enough and clever too, and handy with her pencil; indeed Mr. Parkins was not sure she had not had a good deal to do with the forgeries James had been tried for and acquitted of a year before his final conviction.

"Could not you catch her, Mr. Parkins?" said the 'Hairpin,' who was getting rather tired of his importation, and anxious to get rid of him. "Ain't you sharp enough to collar a woman?"

"It takes a very sharp one for such women as that, young sir," answered Mr. Parkins, rather nettled; but the 'Hairpin' only stretched his long thin legs, and replied slowly and languidly—

"Well, I believe I might have caught your man, if I'd known him!"

"How so, sir?"

"I went on leave the day he escaped, and travelled into Weymouth with a parson, much such a man as Ranken might have been,—clean shaved, healthy-looking chap, very sunburnt."

"So he would be," nodded Mr. Parkins, grimly. "But they clip convict's beards, they don't shave them. He must have been shaved in the town on his way to the station."

"He had yellow hair, very short," added Mazy.

"Yellow it might be if he dyed it; it is dark-brown by nature. Trust an artful bird like that not to wear a wig by daylight! Young sir," concluded Mr. Parkins, after thoughtfully draining his glass and setting it down as he rose to go, "you have missed an opportunity of serving the Queen that you may never have again."

"My good man, the beggar asked me what I thought of the Bishop of London as a preacher, and I told him to go to Hades!"

* * * * * *

The next morning Mr. O'Brien startled the decorum of the mess-room at breakfast by suddenly bursting into a flow of language of a character to draw down severe remonstrance from the senior officer present. In explanation he tossed across the table a note from his bankers to the effect that his account being overdrawn, he was requested, etc., etc.

"How the deuce can it be overdrawn?" was all he had to say, as he went through the stubs of his cheque-book. A telegram London to brought him his pass-book and paid-in cheques, and, lo and behold! the cheque given to Mr. Spence for his Temperance Mission was shown to be for fifteen hundred instead of one hundred and fifty dollars.

Mr. O'Brien's large and spreading handwriting had left lots of room for a very cleverly made alteration and addition. This was not all: two cheques given by the prison chaplain to his young substitute for seven and eight dollars respectively nearly sent their worthy donor into an apoplectic fit by turning up in a blue envelope from the bank as honored to the tune of seventy and eighty dollars, which accounted for that usually prudent cleric having also overdrawn his account.

No letters ever drew an answer from Mr. Spence; nor could Mr. Parkins, who was again called in, discover his whereabouts. The only Reverend Arthur Spence in the East of London had a bald head, a consumptive wife, and thirteen children, and was not even worth arresting on suspicion.

Later on, poor little 'Dimples,' who had nearly cried her blue eyes out at receiving back seventeen letters in succession from the dead letter office, got a Christmas card indorsed "To dear little Dimples, with apologies for bad behavior from A. S."

It bore the Spanish postmark, and consoled her mightily for a time, till she consoled herself still better by marrying O'Brien; but the real explanation of the Reverend Arthur's disappearance came three years later. The regiment was then at Aldershot, and Captain Lester, became a major, was on leave, staying with the O'Briens in Ireland. He had come down late to breakfast one morning, and, on opening a packet containing forwarded letters, looked up saying, "Hullo, Tim, here's one for you that has followed the regiment round a long way. Who's your friend? Lady, too?".

Mrs. O'Brien looked up from pouring out tea as if she would have liked to peep inside it, but waited like a dutiful young wife till her husband should be pleased to satisfy her curiosity. That worthy did not hurry himself; men never do when people want them to. However, when he had finished the rest of his correspondence, he took it up and opened it, gave a long whistle, and read the contents aloud.

"Dear Tim,—This is to congratulate you on getting your company, and to pay my debts. I must apologise for altering the cheque, and now return you the money with five per cent. interest for three years. James has done the sum for me himself; he is very careful about accounts, which I never shall be. Please pay out of it the money subscribed by your regiment, to some charity. I am now sending a draft for what I was obliged to borrow, to the Portland chaplain. My husband and I find commerce and social intercourse pleasanter and more profitable in America than either ever were in England, and I hope we may come across you out here some day. At present we are having a lovely time in New York, but go back west in a week.

"Give my kind regards to Captain Lester; tell him from me that his stand-off manner is charming to a woman, but to a curate a little alarming. I always rather admire "side." Tell him, too, that a careful man does not carry a silver cigarette case in his coat-tail pocket, there are so many pickpockets about, and they do not always return what they get hold of. My dear James will be jealous if I write a longer letter, but unites in thanking all you dear good fellows of the 200th for your kindness to me at Portland three years ago.—Yours very sincerely,

'MADELEINE RANKEN.

"P. S. I saw in an old paper that you have married Dimples; take care of her, she is a dear little girl, but a bit of a flirt. Give her my best love.

M. R., or, as you will both remember me best,

ARTHUR SPENCE."

Her Mother.

BY G. G. W.

It is a strange thing that the sound of once familiar music, or the perfume of a flower, will suddenly and vividly bring to our minds scenes and faces which we have long ago left behind us with the days of our youth.

I never gather a white violet, with its delicately sweet perfume, without a host of old memories and thoughts sweeping over my heart. My dear old home rises before my eyes with all its old charms, which once made it so dear, and for the moment I feel once more a girl. But, then, there are sad memories which the violets suggest of days of gloom and grief, and then of the farewell which I sadly bade to the home of my childhood.

Sit down beside me, Effie, and I shall tell you something of the story of my life. Ah! little Effie, you need not fix your big, wondering eyes so earnestly on me. Your old godmother's story has nothing in it thrilling or sensational. Very quiet and almost colorless has been my life—free from most of the great passions which tend to or mar our happiness in this world. There were times when I had my day dreams, as you, little Effie, have yours; but those dreams were never realised. I fancied that I was destined to play some grand part in the world, to win for myself name and fame, if not love and happiness. Mine was a lonely life; I had never known a mother's care. When my baby steps began to totter through the house, my mother had left me for ever. My father was a bookworm, of a dreamy turn of mind, and much absorbed in his books and experiments. Notwithstanding his character and pursuits, few children have been as fondly loved by their fathers as I was by mine. My greatest delight was to join him in his country walks, and, as time went on, to assist him in his botanical researches.

When my father was from home, or shut up in his library, time never hung heavily on my hands, though my sole companions were my old nurse and little dog. Then the garden was a never-failing source of pleasure. It was an old-fashioned one, with prim walks and high beech hedges. There were deep borders round its smooth, grassy centre, filled with the flowers planted by my mother when first she came to brighten the old Hall with her sweet presence.

My father would never allow anyone but me to help him tend my mother's flowers. I used to fill the big china bowl on his library table with roses, clove pinks, and mignonette in summer, and in spring with snowdrops and crocuses. That bowl and its flowers formed the one bright spot of color in that dark room, its narrow windows and heavy oak panellings. We were not too remote from the city to prevent me from enjoying the advantages of good masters, under whose tuition I made rapid progress. My father could never be induced to send me to a public school, or to spoil our home life by the presence of a governess. So I grew into girlhood, entirely isolated from all of my own sex and age. When I was just sixteen I met your mother, Effie, and with her a change came into my life and surroundings. I had grown up a shy girl, silent and reserved with everyone except my father, and sometimes regretting that I was "only a girl," and not a son who could have shared fully in my dear father's studies and pursuits. I had heard from my nurse that new people had come to the Cedars, a pretty place, about a mile from the Hall. At the time, I vaguely wondered who they were, but had soon forgotten the news, when one day, walking near the gate of the Cedars, a girl, about my own age, came down the avenue and met me, followed by her dog. My little terrier rushed at hers, and so noisy and hostile was their meeting that their respective owners had some trouble in restoring peace.

An introduction was thus brought about with more mirth than formality, and the foundations of a life-long friendship were laid that sunny April day.

You remind me of your mother, little Effie, but, dearly as I love your bright face, it seems to lack that indescribable charm which your mother's face possessed for me.

She was very fair, with a cloud of golden hair rippling back from her smooth, white forehead. Her eyes were such as I have never seen before or since; it was not only their exquisite color, but their sweet expression, telling of the pure womanly soul whose feelings they so faithfully reflected. At her small throat she wore a tiny bunch of white violets, which even now I seem to see. They suited their wearer so well, both so pure and delicate in form and tint, and so full of sweetness.

We had white violets in the garden at the Hall, but never before had I noticed them as I now did. Our girlish acquaintance surely, if not slowly, ripened into an attachment deep and lasting. For three happy years we were constantly together, and I think we were of use to each other. I gradually lost some of the shy abruptness of my manner, and caught a faint reflex of your mother's sweet, sunny disposition, whilst she learned from me habits of method and perseverance in study, and she had such quick intelligence and sympathies that she learned from my father as fast as he could teach her.

Your mother was living then at the Cedars with her father's relatives during her parents' absence in India. One of this family specially attracted my notice. He was a handsome strong young fellow, full of life and fun, but possessing a fund of energy and determination little to be expected from one of his bright manner and gay disposition. On my eighteenth birthday we all joined some friends in an expedition to the ruins of R—— Castle, a few miles from home.

The day passed away happily, as such days do pass in the time of our careless youth. During it, your mother and I did not happen somehow to be much together. But that evening, after our return, and as my guests were about to leave the Hall, I put on my hat to walk home with your mother, and saw that Arthur had a little bunch of the white violets which earlier in the day someone else had worn.

A glance in your mother's happy face, with its quickly changing color, told me that what I had so long felt was coming had actually come to pass, and that with those sweet spring flowers Arthur had received a precious gift indeed.

In a few days Arthur left to rejoin his regiment, and our lives fell into their old groove. The only event that occurred was the visit to the Hall of my cousin, Hugh Rivers, the son of my father's younger brother.

Hugh must, in the course of time, succeed my dear father at the Hall; I, being only a girl, could not inherit this family property.

My own fortune was an ample one, far more than sufficient for my moderate wants and desires, so cares about my future had never troubled my mind. As long as my father was spared to me, I should be happy, and when, in the course of time (and oh! how earnestly I used to pray that that time might be long delayed), I should be left alone, I thought it would be of little consequence where my solitary life should be spent.

The Hall would be too full of memories of my happy past, as contrasted to my lonely present, to make a happy home. All this I had vaguely felt as a dim possibility of the future, but when Hugh, "the heir," came, these things assumed a definite aspect, and everything seemed changed.

My father treated Hugh not only with all the affection due to him as his brother's son, but also with a sort of deference to his views and ideas as to the Hall and its surroundings. He seemed always to acknowledge his right to be consulted in all matters connected with his future home.

One day we went to the woods to decide the fate of some trees. Among them there was an old beech tree, a great favorite of mine, but one side had been blighted by lightning, and it was not, in its present state, a beautiful object. Still, I liked the tree, and when Hugh at once suggested it should be marked to be cut down, I said that it should not be touched, and I spoke angrily.

My father looked surprised at my unusual petulance, and Hugh said, in his quiet voice: "Do you mind telling me your reasons for wishing to spare this tree?"

Ah! how angry I felt at his question. How could I explain that my real reason was a senseless jealousy, that he—a comparative stranger—should dare to interfere in any way, however small, with my opinions and wishes? I kept obstinately silent, whilst my father and Hugh went from tree to tree, marking some to be cut down and others to have branches lopped off.

My special tree was not touched, and on our homeward way Hugh tried in his quiet, kind way, to draw me out of my moody silence. I only made short, dry replies, and it was with a feeling of relief that I saw your mother coming slowly across the lawn to meet us.

After luncheon, she and I went into my own sitting-room, and gently pushing me into an easy-chair, she sat down at my feet on a stool and told me her news. Her marriage was to take place the following spring, and then she and her husband were to start for India, where his regiment was stationed. For the first time, after long years of separation, she was to see her parents again, and, of course, her mind was agitated by the joyful changes about to take place in her life.

But it was not your mother's way, Effie, to be so much engrossed by her own affairs that she could spare no time or thought for others. So she gradually drew from me an account of the morning walk and its grievances. She looked gravely surprised as she listened; then she tried to coax me out of my vexation.

Hugh was the heir, she said, and I could not alter that fact; and, indeed, she could not imagine why I should wish it to be al-

tered. She thought few daughters could help liking anyone so devoted to their father as Hugh was to mine. It seemed so unlike me, she said, to feel jealous of my cousin, and spoil the pleasure of his visit.

As she spoke so sensibly and gently, I felt terribly ashamed of myself, and resolved to try and be more amiable, and so for some days things went smoothly. Hugh was unvarying in his kind thoughtfulness to me, and in his careful attention to my father.

Sometimes I would forget the relation in which we stood to each other, and only remember that we were two solitary cousins, and, as such, Hugh said, doubly bound to care for each other. What happy evenings we sometimes had in the old library. Hugh and I would take it turn about to read out to my father, and to help him in drawing or pressing some of his botanical specimens. Then again, the old feelings would return, and I felt as if I should never be happy as long as my cousin stayed at the Hall.

At last his visit came to an end: in a few hours he would be on his way to Italy, and I should be free from the restraint of his presence.

I was thinking thus, and sitting under the laburnum tree in a shady corner of the garden, when Hugh came to say good-bye. Now that he was actually leaving us, I felt how unjustly and capriciously I had often treated him, and felt sorry for it.

I suppose my manner showed what was passing in my mind, and that induced Hugh to speak as he did. He told me that the one hope of his life was to win me for his wife, and thus become a real son of my dear father.

At first I was too much surprised to speak, but when I did find words to answer him, they were so bitter and scornful that it makes me blush even now just to think of them.

I told him that I understood and despised his motives for such an unexpected burst of affection. My money would help him to keep up the old home. I think that the pale, pained look on Hugh's face made me stop at last, and for very shame I became silent.

Hugh only said, as he took my hand to say good-bye: "Some day, little cousin, you will learn to know me better, and to think differently. Till that day comes, farewell."

He was gone, and so I closed that passage in the book of my life and strove to forget it.

My father seemed instinctively to know that I disliked speaking of Hugh, and so his visit was seldom alluded to. With the spring came all the busy preparations for your mother's marriage, and they occupied all our time and thoughts.

In her letters she brought me a couple white woods, and I wove her own dear hands planted them under the great mountain trees in the Hall garden. The next morning rose bright and full of sunny promise for the happy bride who was about to leave us for her distant home. I felt very lonely when she was gone, and shut myself up with my books more than was good for me.

My father saw my pale face, and one day he told me that in a few weeks we should start for Germany to visit some old friends who had been kind to him, when, as a young man he had been a student at a famous German university. I was at first languidly interested; but it was not until we were actually off that my interest was fully aroused.

For several months we remained in Germany, and I grew to feel warmly towards my father's friends. In the autumn we turned our steps homewards, with pleasant memories of our visit.

About this time it began to strike me painfully that my father was looking old and worn: he seemed soon to tire of his favorite pursuits. His thoughts seemed to turn constantly to Hugh, whose frequent letters were a constant source of pleasure.

I felt angry with myself when I remembered how ungenerously I had treated my cousin, but the past could not be recalled, and I believed that, even had it been possible, I would not have altered my decision. Gradually my father's health gave way. I tried not to see it, but the sad fact could not be denied.

One day my father told me that he had written to Hugh, asking him to come to the Hall; he wished to see him while his strength held out. I felt what this meant; my dear father wished to see his nephew once more before he died; he felt that the thread of his life was wearing so thin that soon it must break. Oh, the dull misery of those dark days, overshadowed by the terrible future!

Hugh did not come, and no letter came to explain the delay. We knew he was wandering with an artist friend through the Tyrol, and that a letter would not reach him at the little village where he had been some weeks before.

First I felt anxious about Hugh and feared he might be ill, but soon I could only feel vexed that his absence could have power to bring that disappointed, weary look on my father's face.

The days dragged wearily on, and the spring had come again, but it brought no hope to my heart. One morning the bright sunshine pouring into my room roused me from an unrefreshing sleep, and I found myself alone in the world. Calmly my father had passed away in his sleep; he lay just as I had left him when I said good-night to him, with his face turned towards my mother's portrait.

I shall pass rapidly over this sad time and my agony of grief. At last all my arrangements were completed; I had gone for the last time through all the rooms where I had passed so many happy years, and last of all I turned my lingering steps towards the garden to bid farewell to all my favorite haunts.

As I rested on the seat where I had sat when last I saw Hugh, all my harsh words rushed to my mind, and his gentle answer:

"Some day, little cousin, you will learn to know me better, and to think differently. Till that day comes, farewell."

Had the day come already, and had the cloud of jealous dislike cleared away, and did I now see Hugh as he really was? I could not tell. I only felt utterly desolate and forlorn; the light of my life seemed to have been extinguished with my father's life. Sadly I left my old home to make for myself a new one amongst those German friends of whom I have spoken. Such had been my father's desire, and it was some small comfort to feel that I was carrying out his last wishes with as little delay as possible.

He had chosen wisely for my happiness, as I have felt all these long years. Warm, loving hearts and clever heads were the portion of those amongst whom my lot was cast. Your sweet mother's letters were full of loving comfort, breathing as they did her childlike faith in the protecting love of the Heavenly Father. She wished me to join her in India, but that I could not do. One day brought me a long letter from Hugh, and as I read it, I forgave him.

Just as he was starting for the Hall his friend took ill with a malignant fever, and Hugh could not forsake him—ill, perhaps dying, a stranger in a strange land. So he watched and tended him through his illness, and then he caught the fever himself, and it was only after his recovery that he had heard of my sad loss. He implored of me to allow him to come and see me. But this I refused, and said I only wanted quiet, and could not bear to meet those who would painfully recall the past.

Hugh wrote again, and told me he was ready to wait till I should bid him come. After that my letters were few and uneventfully; then the Indian mail brought me sad news. Your dear mother had died of a fever, just then the scourge of that district where she lived.

Your father seemed heart-broken, and he begged of me, your mother's early friend, to take charge of his motherless child. You came, Effie, bringing fresh interests into my lonely life. Ten happy years we have spent together, but the time to part has come.

To-morrow, Effie, you will be sixteen, and then our lives must divide. You must join your father and try to be to him all that your mother would have wished, and that your godmother has feebly tried to make you. Do not cry, dear. You have been a sunbeam in my life, as you will surely be in your father's.

Now you have had your wish, and heard your godmother's story, and it seems to have interested you, simple as it is. Before I began I warned you that mine had been a quiet, uneventful life, passed, as many women's are, in the seclusion of home and in the routine of home employments. I have always believed that "woman's mission" lies around her in her daily life and its duties.

If our lives are empty and lack any definite aim, we may be very sure that the fault lies with ourselves. Few, indeed, are the women whose rare gifts of talent, wit or beauty raise them to be queens of society, whose names are long remembered.

But, perhaps, if we commonplace women could read the hidden lives of these noble women, we might not care to change places with them. We might pity instead of envy them. Many and vain are their longings for rest and quiet in the midst of the hurry and tumult of their public lives.

How often are their family ties snapped never to be again united! How often they are wounded in their purest, noblest feeling by the prejudice of those who are unable to understand them! Something of this I have seen during my life in this quaint old German town.

One there is whom I have grown to know and love; one at whose heavenly voice vast multitudes hold their very breath to listen. Yet hers is a disappointed life. After a brilliant season of glorious triumphs in Paris, a cruel fever struck her down, and from it she rose with renewed strength, but having lost forever her divine gift of song.

Yes, little Effie, you have guessed correctly, the queen of song is our dear friend Madame S. Noble and pure her life has been, crowned with success, and yet she has never tasted real happiness. Well for you, little Effie, that you are not of the gifted few, doomed to bitter loneliness of heart and life.

But my moralizings are over now, so put and sit down under the laburnum tree, and keep our cushions warm for us. You must always write to me, dear, and tell me everything in your daily life—no trifle will be too small to interest me.

You ask what about Hugh. Well, I have written to him. Now the music is over, and we are the last stragglers left. To-morrow I shall give you your mother's jewels, and, more precious far, a letter about you, and the promise your young life gave of a future. Take it, child, as a precious legacy, and may you answer her prayer that her little one might be kept "pure and unspotted from the world."

You know, my child, good-night. May the morrow be the dawn of a new and brighter life!

To pack a trunk fold each article flat without wrinkles. More can be pressed into a trunk flat than in bundles.

VISITING A QUEEN.—A titled official leads the way to her English Majesty's private drawing-room, and the visitor finds himself in the presence of royalty, it may be for the first time. He is soon reassured, and unless he is a stammering churl, who would be ill at ease in any lady's company, he soon feels at home. He is sure to be a celebrity, and the Queen kindly questions us to the *forte* which has made him famous, sending him away quite happy after the ten minutes interview, to while away the time till dinner. This he can do in his own apartments, or in the *salon* of the ladies and gentlemen in waiting as he pleases.

The dinner itself is rather more trying. To begin with it is not served until nine o'clock, so that the visitor, if not a first visit, will be blessed with the appetite of an alderman by the time he finds himself in the reception room, or rather corridor, adjoining the private dining-room in Victoria Tower. Mr. Gladstone, and several other old stagers, always provide themselves with sandwiches, which they eat in their apartments.

The Queen enters at five minutes to the hour, says a word or two to each guest, and then pilots the way to the dinner-table. Here the nervous visitor's happiness depends greatly on his luck. If by any chance Princess Christian happens to be dining at the Castle, and he sits near her, he is sure to pass the time pleasantly. Princess Louise, the Duchess of Connaught, the Duchess of Albany, are all the best of company.

On the other hand, the Princess of Wales, though her manner is charming, is, from her deafness, rather a trying neighbor to a nervous visitor, while Princess Beatrice is so quiet as to give a frightened stranger a quite erroneous impression of hauteur.

The Queen, in the course of the meal, addresses one sentence to each guest, which he is expected to answer briefly and well, all other conversation ceasing during the dialogue. There is no sitting over wine by the gentlemen, and in one hour they are all in the reception-room again.

The guests do not sit, but advance in turn and say a few words to her Majesty, who then bows to the company and retires to her private apartments. Next morning the guests breakfast in their own room, and are expected to leave by half-past ten. They do not, except in the case of the Ministers, see the Queen in the morning.

FINDING DROWNED BODIES.—Before the days of drags, grappling-irons, etc., a curious method of ascertaining the position of a drowned person was employed. A loaf of bread, in which was placed a little quicksilver, was sent floating about the stream in the vicinity of the occurrence, and it almost invariably sank at the spot where the body lay.

In an old magazine the following account is given of the finding of a dead body:—"After diligent search had been made in the river to no purpose, a two-penny loaf, with a quantity of quicksilver put into it, was set floating from the place where the child, as was supposed, had fallen in. This steered its course down the river upwards of half a mile before a great number of spectators, when, the body happening to lie on the contrary side of the river, the loaf suddenly tacked about, swam across the river, and gradually sank near the child, when both the child and the loaf were brought up with grapplers that were ready for the purpose."

Other modes of an analogous nature to this have also been employed. In England a wooden club took the place of a loaf. It is asserted that in Ireland a body was found by sending down stream a bundle of straw, with a paper, having certain words written by the parish priest and fastened to it.

In Bohemia, a fresh-cut loaf with a lighted taper was used. In France, the same; but the loaf was previously consecrated to Saint Nicholas. In Germany, a piece of bread, with the drowned person's name on it, was considered efficacious. In St. George's Church, Hanover, is a wooden bowl which is said to serve for this purpose.

Those in search of a dead body in Norwegian streams carry in the boat with them a cock, which will crow when near the desired spot. In Java and China it is still customary to throw into the water a live sheep, which is thought to indicate the position of the body by sinking near it.

The Indians of Canada imagine that in the case of a drowned body, its place may be discovered by floating a ship of cedar-wood, which will stop and turn round at the exact spot.

TURKISH COOKING.—The basis of all culinary operation in Turkey is a certain kind of tallow extracted from the broad and thick extremity of the sheep. This tallow has an odor so potent that we could not use it even for candles.

The Turks are essentially vegetarians. They eat beef very rarely, and never pork or veal. They indulge in drinks, lean fowls, and finally sheep, the flesh of which they cut off in small pieces. These pieces are strung upon long spits, which are held and turned for some minutes over hot coals, where they are slowly roasted, retaining all their juices. This is what is called kebab, a healthful and nutritious food.

Turkish pastry is very varied, and would not be disagreeable if honey and sugar were used not so abundantly, and if the taste of tallow could be excluded. Baklava and thick cakes cooked in honey, perfumed with rose water, and covered with a kind of cream, in particular recall very savory memories.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A man in Belvidere, Ill., placed a rock on a railway track and then flagged a train that was rushing upon the obstacle. In return for his services he asked the railway company to give him a position. The company did so; he has a position in the penitentiary. This beautiful tale of heroism and gratitude probably will never find its way into the story books for children.

In German households, which are famous for their neatness, the floors are left bare, excepting where a rug is laid in the centre or before a sofa. It is now becoming fashionable also here in this country to use carpets and woolen floor-cloths only in drawing-rooms and those apartments only occasionally occupied, and to substitute other and more wholesome styles of coverings for the floors of sitting, dining and sleeping rooms. Straw mattings are more or less popular and refreshing to the eye; they do not catch and hold the dust as do carpets, yet they break, ravel, pull out and rot if dampened. Inlaid and painted floors, although more or less cold and noisy, seem to be the most healthful and satisfactory. It is certainly a comfort to the housewife to be able to shake out the dust from a rug, or throw it out of doors and sweep it on the grass, if she is blessed with a grass-plot. A painted floor, or one with the borders painted, and a pretty ingrain rug laid in the centre will prove far more pleasing to the eye, easier to keep clean, and, most important of all, more wholesome than an entire covering of carpet.

When does a woman cease to be young, or rather to be entitled to that epithet? This is the delicate question which a French prefect has undertaken to answer. Some years ago a certain will left the sum of $12,000, the interest of which was given annually to a young unmarried woman of the working classes, who, by her capacity and good conduct, should be in a position to marry with the help of a little money. In carrying out the will it became necessary for the prefect to determine the exact significance of the words "young woman," and he has decided that they include the period between twenty-one and thirty. At thirty, then, an unmarried woman may bid adieu to youth, and resign herself to be an old maid. This extreme pronouncement may win a feigned or forced assent from the candidates for the prize, but it will meet with only contemptuous rejection from the sex at large, at least that portion of it which has passed the fatal limit. A woman is as young as she looks, just as a man is as young as he feels, and a really capable woman is never thirty until she is forty or married.

Are the teeth of the present century worse than those of the last? is a question by no means easily answered, for we have only general observations, and no statistics to go by. Dental surgery is a modern art, and too much separated from its parents—medicine and surgery—to satisfactorily decide the question. Moreover, dentists only see those persons who have defective teeth. Again much more importance is attached to teeth than in former days, and they consequently receive more attention. It has often been pointed out that the vast improvements in medical and surgical treatment serve to keep alive a number of weaklings who would otherwise have died, and these often have poor sets of teeth. Women teeth we may leave out of the question, speaks of the general inferiority (on the other hand, dental disease, if early treated, is easily borne, and in a great extent stopped), but of course the teeth of civilized nations are worse than those of savages, because of the softer and less fibrous nature of the food.

It is on record that the Empress Josephine once bought thirty-eight bonnets in one month. We do not know at what number her mighty husband drew the line; but it is a fact that, having learned that she indulged herself with the acquisition of bonnets in large number, he—when he one day went into the saloon leading to her apartment and found Mlle. Despeaux, the milliner, with a huge pile of suspicious looking bandboxes—was so indignant at the idea of his wife making fresh purchases, that he flew into such a passion that every one ran away, leaving him to decide whether he would vent his rage on Josephine, who was a prisoner with her feet in a foot-bath, or on the milliner herself. He did a little of both, for he was angry with Josephine, to the extent of [illegible] with her and Mlle. Despeaux, who was sent to Lyons in disgrace, and though her fear of Napoleon and horror of a night in prison made her ill, her fortune was probably made by this startling outburst of imperial temper. Next day nearly every one in Paris flocked to see her, hear her story, and condole with her. She never could have lacked custom after this.

PINS AND SUNDAYS.—If a man goes to church on fifty-two Sundays in the year and takes with him one pin on the first Sunday, two pins on the second, four on the third, and so on, doubling the quantity each Sunday, on the fifty-second, or last Sunday, he would have to take 2,251,799,81[illegible] pins, and the number taken during the [illegible] Now a bag of these pins to which one [illegible] would be [illegible] to reach [illegible] to [illegible] aloud.

Our Young Folks.

THE MUSHROOM SCHOOL.

BY LESLIE ETHERIDGE.

TOMMY often played truant. But wait till you hear how nicely he was caught.

"I am late for school," he said one morning. "I had better not go at all today."

So he ran away to the woods where primroses grew. He had his lunch in his satchel, and he would have been quite happy if only he had some one to play with.

Why, here was a boy coming—a jolly, clever boy; he rolled along the path like a wheel, turning head over heels all the way. He was a very queer boy: his clothes were green, and he stood on his head to talk to Tommy.

"You couldn't do that," he said.

So Tommy tried to stand on his head too. He put his satchel off, and then he struck his hands down on the ground, and flung his heels up against the trunk of a tree. He was quite proud of being able to stand like that.

"Look at me now!" he called out; but there was no answer. "I can do it as well as you. Look at that."

No answer at all.

Tommy threw his heels down again and sat on the grass, red in the face, feeling as if he were all head. And only then he saw the strange boy running off in the distance, with the satchel that had the lunch in it. He ran after him shouting—

"Stop thief! stop thief!"

The strange boy ran till he came to a house in the forest, and there he went inside.

Tommy got to the door, and he was now quite out of breath. A dwarf—a very cross dwarf, and with a big stick—darted out, and dragged him in.

Boys in green were sitting on toadstools as high as chairs all around the room, and one place was empty.

"Sit down," growled the cross dwarf with the big stick. "If you are late again, I'll knock your head off!"

Tommy sat down in a fright. But the toadstool, being only made of mushroom stuff, gave way under him, and he found himself sitting on the floor.

All the other boys yelled laughing. The dwarf flew at them and dealt such cracks and smacks that he sent them up in the air and across the room like India rubber balls.

But the boys were all right. They did not mind a bit. They jumped on to their toadstools and sat with their feet crossed and swinging, as if nothing in the world had happened.

"As you are so heavy," said the dwarf to Tommy, "you must sit on the floor. You can't break that down, because there's nowhere to go to underneath."

"Now for the lesson in useful knowledge," continued the dwarf. "You boy in the middle, stand up."

Tommy stood.

"If you are out on your rambles, and you find a basin of milk, what is the proper course of action?"

"Please, sir," answered Tommy, "I'd drink it."

The dwarf groaned at his ignorance, and shouted—

"Next boy!"

A little rogue in green jumped up from his toadstool. He answered in a loud, shrill tone, as if he were saying a lesson—

"If I were out on my rambles, and found a basin of milk, the proper course of action would be to run around it, and turn head over heels right over it."

"Very good," said the master. "Go up one."

All the boys went "up one." Each of them moved one place farther up towards the top of the class, so the end seat was left empty, and the boy at the top, as he could not go "up one," but had to make room for the next, came instead across the room, and took the empty place at the bottom of the class.

"Boy in the middle," said the dwarf, "what is the result of this course of action?"

"Please, sir," said Tommy, "if you won't be vexed, sir, they will all keep going around and around; and that boy with the long ears will just come back to where he was. It's not the right way, like we do it at school."

"Hold your tongue, you dunce," said the dwarf. "Next boy."

The boy who had crossed from the top of the class to the end seat squeaked out, all in one tone—

"The result of this course of action is that the milk will be sour in the morning, and the fairy maids will blame each other, and the farmer's wife will scold everybody, which is truly a happy result."

"Very good, my little lad. Go up one," said the dwarf.

So the little lad pushed the next boy off his stool to get it, and the next boy pushed the next, and they all changed places.

"You dunce in the middle, I'll try you again," said the dwarf. "If you are out on your rambles and meet a pig that does not know his way home, what is the proper course of action?"

"Why, let him alone," said Tommy; "because, sir, how could I know that the pig did not know his way home?"

The dwarf shook his stick at Tommy, and called—

"Next boy!"

And a boy in green said, like a lesson, that the proper course of action was to walk with the pig while he felt lonely, and bring him to the nearest flower-garden.

"Go up one," said the dwarf, and all moved.

The next boy in green was asked what would be the result of this course of action, and with some prompting of the words in whispers, he got through the answer—

"The result of this course of action will be that the gardener will find the flowers rooted up, and will stamp and say, 'Those boys again! I'll give it to 'em!' and will run out in a rage, and beat the first boy he catches, which is truly a happy result."

"Go up one!" said the dwarf.

They all went up one.

"Now you dunce in the middle, you shall have one chance more." He shook his stick at Tommy nearer than last time. "If you are out on your rambles, and see in the moonlight a house where the lights are out, what is the proper course of action?"

"I'd get home quick, because it would be so late father would scold me," answered Tommy.

The dwarf frowned.

"Next boy!"

"If I were out on my rambles, and saw a house in the moonlight," said the next boy, "the proper course of action would be to get a bag and collect seventeen cats, and carry them to the side of the house where they would sing the loudest, and there let them go."

"Go up one," said the dwarf.

And the next boy said his task:

"The result of this course of action is that the people will be awake all night, and sleep all next day, so that everything in the house will go topsy-turvy, which is truly a happy result."

"Now," said the dwarf, "we shall ask the dunce in the middle at which side of the house do cats sing loudest?"

Tommy shook his head.

"Give it up!"

"At the outside, of course," shouted the other boys, and they yelled and laughed at him.

"Sit down, you gander," said the master. And Tommy sat down on the floor.

At once he was in darkness. The dwarf had put a large heavy foolscap over him. It went down to the ground and covered him like an extinguisher.

"Let me out!" cried Tommy. "Oh, sir—please, sir—if you please, sir, let me out." Boys are so polite when they are frightened and want something badly.

At last somebody lifted the edge of the heavy cap, and he crawled out from under it.

The schoolhouse, the master, the scholars, had all vanished. Only one remained—the little fellow with the widest mouth and the biggest ears.

The trees of the wood were all about them, and in the grass at Tommy's feet there was a circle of toadstools, with his satchel lying in the middle of it; and one of the toadstools was broken.

"Where is the school gone?" Tommy asked, looking around.

"The school?" said the funny little fellow in green. "It comes up every day as fast as a mushroom, and then it goes down when we have learned our tricks for the night."

Then all at once Tommy guessed that this was not a boy, but an elf of the woods. Why, they all were elves, and they were learning in school how to make mischief for mortals during the night.

The elf crumpled the great white foolscap till it shrank into a little lump in his hands: and while he was crumpling it he dwindled down till he was lost to sight, and there was only a mushroom growing where he had stood.

"That mushroom is my foolscap," Tommy said in wonder; "and those toadstools have got small; they were the circle of seats, and that broken one is the toadstool I sat on. How queer! I must run home and tell them."

Off ran Tommy straight home, and cried out before he was in at the door—

"You never saw such a sight in your life! The elves are in the woods like little green boys, with wide mouths and big ears, and ——"

No sooner had he said this than he stopped short. He had let the secret out.

"Ah!" said his father. "I'll tell Mr. MacWhacker where you go instead of going to school."

So the bad little elves had got Tommy into trouble like all the rest, and of course that was why they had played him the trick. He got a beating, and every one said he was a naughty boy, and served him right.

The green elves turned head over heels in delight, and said it was "truly a happy result."

STRANGE WEDDING-RINGS.—Stories about wedding-rings are more than numerous. One of the best is that about the Duke of Hamilton, who fell so passionately in love with the younger of the celebrated Misses Gunning, at one of Lord Chesterfield's garden parties, that two days afterwards he sent for a parson to perform the marriage ceremony. The Duke, however, had forgotten two indispensable articles, being provided with neither a license nor ring. At last, however, the difficulty was surmounted and the loving pair were united with the ring of a curtain at half-an-hour after midnight in Mayfair Chapel.

One of the most pathetic stories of the results which accrued from the forgetfulness of a bridegroom in this respect, however, is narrated in the "Lives of the Lindsays." The bridegroom expectant was Colin Lindsay, the young Earl of Balcarres, who, when he should have been at church to meet his sweetheart, was quietly discussing his breakfast in his night-gown and all pers.

Glancing up at the time he was horrified to see it so late, and at once hurried to church, forgetting, as was but natural in the excitement of the moment, that he ought to have taken the ring with him. A friend who was present, however, seeing the predicament of Balcarres, when the marriage ceremony came to a dead stop, handed him the necessary golden circlet, which was placed upon the bride's finger. Passing into the vestry to sign the register after the ceremony was concluded, the Countess glanced at her ring, and beheld a grinning death's-head. Suddenly she fainted away, and unhappily the omen made such an impression upon her, that upon coming to her senses, she declared that she was destined to die within twelve months. As it is but too often the case with such presentiments, the fear produced its own effect, for before the year closed the young earl was a widower.

AMY'S PUNISHMENT.

BY MAGGIE BROWN.

IF you had seen Amy practising you would have known that she did not like it. No, she would have preferred to play beautifully all at once, without having all the trouble of learning.

"Half an hour in the morning and half an hour in the afternoon—that is what she said," grumbled Amy; the "she" referred to being her Aunt Anastasia. "Why, I have only practised ten minutes, and I am quite tired out. I know it is a pity to practise when I am so tired out, so I will just run round the garden to rest my fingers, and then come back and finish."

The "Harmonious Blacksmith"—the piece Amy was practising—was tired too, I can tell you; he had never been thumped so much before, or had so many wrong notes put into him.

Amy's hat was quickly put on, and she was soon out of doors. She ran round the garden twice, and then looking over the wall, saw some flowers in the field beyond. Immediately all thought of returning to practise was gone, and it was not long before she was over in the field.

"Perhaps, if I did not go back again," she said to herself, "I could not finish my practising; and oh! if I only stay away this afternoon, I cannot possibly do that half-hour. I will walk miles and miles, and find all kinds of treasures, and then Aunt Anastasia will be so interested in my adventures that she will forget the music."

On the other side of the field there were two little girls picking wild roses. Amy thought that she would like to take some roses back to her aunt, and accordingly went over to the children.

"My name is Amy: what is yours?" she said, without any hesitation.

"Her'n is Molly, and mine is Rachel," said the bigger of the two.

Molly dropped a curtsey as soon as her name was mentioned, and stared blankly at the stranger.

"Shall we play together? I think you look very nice; or perhaps," said Amy, "you will come with me to look for treasures for Aunt Anastasia? I am going to walk miles and miles."

Molly smiled, for the "treasures" sounded inviting; but Rachel remarked that she could not walk far, and that she did not know Aunt Anna something.

"Anastasia is her name," said Amy, smiling; "she is my aunt, and I am staying with her now because they have got measles at home."

"Why, so have we," said Molly.

This seemed a bond of sympathy to Amy, and she became friendly at once. Then she suddenly remembered about her practising, and turning to Molly, said, "Do you do half an hour in the morning and half an hour in the afternoon?"

"I don't know what you mean," said Rachel.

"Why, I have to practise on the piano a whole hour a day; it is so horrid, but perhaps you would like it."

"I should like to make music," said Rachel.

"Would you, really?" said Amy. "Then come along."

Hand in hand the three children walked across the field, scrambled over the wall, and then marched up the garden into the house.

Aunt Anastasia seemed rather astonished to see the trio.

"Amy, what does this mean? and why are you not practising?" she asked.

"My fingers got so tired that I went to look for treasures; and, Aunt Anastasia, Rachel would like to learn music, and they have measles at home too."

Poor Aunt Anastasia did not take any notice of the first part of Amy's remark; but when she heard the "measles at home too," without saying a word, she took hold of Rachel and Molly, and led them out of the house away from Amy. There she told them kindly that Amy could not play with them any more that day, and giving them each a penny, told them to run home. Then she returned to her unfortunate little niece.

"Amy," she said, "what do you mean by running away from your music? It is so late now that you cannot practise any more before dinner, but you can do an hour this afternoon instead."

"Why, Aunt Anastasia," she said, "I have practised ten minutes already. I shall only have fifty more minutes to do."

But her aunt was not of the same opinion.

Amy's face fell. The whole hour's practising had to be done, and after dinner the poor "Harmonious Blacksmith" was tortured again.

So after all, you see, running away did not help Amy much.

Unfortunately, too, she caught the measles—whether from Rachel and Molly, or from her own brothers and sisters before she left home, I do not know; but when she was told the sad news her first remark was, "There, now, I cannot practise half an hour in the morning and half an hour in the afternoon!"

When, however, her head ached badly, and she felt very poorly and uncomfortable, she wished very much that she had not run away to Rachel and Molly, for she soon discovered that even practising is very much better than the measles.

OF THE THIMBLE.—It is narrated that the inventor of these most useful appliances was a goldsmith, and the circumstances which caused him to exercise his ingenuity were in this wise: His name was Nicholas van Benschoten of Amsterdam; he had formed an attachment for a lady rejoicing in the name of Van Rensselaer, who was not only extremely beautiful, but accomplished and industrious, at least he considered her so; as he watched her busy laboring at her embroidery, and saw the pain and injury inflicted by the use of the needle, he commenced and ultimately succeeded in producing a protection for the injured member, and with this device she was enabled to pursue her industrious occupation with ease and pleasure. Festivals commemorate this excellent invention, and render due honor to Mynheer van Benschoten with pomp and display in truly patriotic style, for his producing the thumbbell, or cover—now known as thimble. There is little doubt that "thimble" means a protection for the thumb; at first it was a band of metal worn on it, when the needles were made larger and altogether more clumsy than they are at the present time. True the use of them is very ancient, yet when they were first worn on the finger as now used, instead of the thumb, there is no accurate date or possibility of ascertaining, as they have been styled finger-hoods, cap, or cover, similar to the French and German, who call them finger-cases. In Holland there is another name, finger-hood; another, "Naaij" ring, which is sewing-ring, doubtless this means those of the description, "headless" thimbles, such as are used by tailors and upholsterers; those of this description are made of steel, while those worn by ladies are made of gold and silver, also baser metal is employed in the manufacture of these necessary and extremely useful little implements. We deem them in every way essential, and could not work without one, yet the exquisite embroidery and work from Japan quite equal our productions. A lady who is a native of "The Land of the Rising Sun," told me she never saw and of course did not understand how to place a thimble on until after her arrival in this country, the use of which she found difficult to acquire. The mode they adopt is to wrap around the middle finger, the one we employ, a few folds of their tough but flexible paper.

NEW TITLES OF HONOR.—How would it do to give men titles derived from their trade or profession? For instance, the Queen of England is called "Your Highness." Here we have a starting point. Instead of calling a lawyer Mr., would it not sound better to address him as "Your Impudence," or "Your Disputatiousness?" A landlord might be addressed as "Your Suavity," or "Your Obsequiousness." When you meet a doctor you could take off your hat and say, "Good morning; how does Your Healthfulness feel to-day?" Some clergymen who are given to banging the pulpit might be addressed as "Your Extreme Violence," others as "Your Drowsiness," or "Your Sonorousness." The same rule might apply to the different trades. If our idea is carried out we shall hear such talk as, "What has Your Chalkiness been doing to the milk?" or "How much does Your Fertility ask for beets this morning?" In speaking to a tanner, referring to hides, he might be called "Your Hideousness."

DON'T COMPLAIN.—A country merchant was one day returning from market. He was on horseback and behind his saddle was a valise filled with money. The rain fell with violence, and the good old man was wet to the skin. At this time he was quite vexed, and murmured because God had given him such bad weather for his journey. He soon reached the border of a thick forest. What was his terror on beholding on one side of the road a robber, who, with levelled gun, was aiming at him and attempting to fire! But the powder being wet with the rain the gun did not go off, and the merchant escaped. As soon as he found himself safe he thought: "How wrong was I not to endure the rain patiently, as sent by providence! If the weather had been dry and fair I should not probably have been alive at this hour. The rain which caused me to murmur came at a fortunate moment to save my life, and preserve to me my property."

A CAT STORY.—There was a favorite Tom cat, which belonged to a family in New York, and it had on several occasions shown more than usual sagacity. One day Tom ran off with a piece of beef, and the servant followed him cautiously, with the intention of catching him and administering a little wholesome correction. To her amusement she saw the cat go into a corner of the yard where there was a rat-hole, and lay the beef down by the side of it. Leaving the beef there, puss hid a short distance off and waited until a rat came out. Tom's tail then began to wag, and just as the rat was moving away with the coveted bait, the cat sprang upon it and killed it.

THE WEARY WATCHER.

BY T. HAYNES BAILEY.

'Tis not the hour her lover named,
Yet she already deems him late;
And pouts her lips, as if ashamed
That mortal man should make her wait.

She counts the minutes o'er and o'er,
Yet seems unconscious of their flight;
And she will watch the path no more
Where first his form will be in sight.

And were she summoned by his voice,
She would not turn her head to greet him:
Come when he may, she will rejoice
To show how coldly she can meet him!

She will not frown, for frowns would say
That she had watched for his return;
She will not smile—it would betray
She saw him not with unconcern.

Oh! should he ever come, no trace
Of weak emotion shall appear;
She'll seem, while gazing on his face,
Unconscious that he stands so near.

And thinking thus, she proudly leans
Against the marble balustrade;
Come when he may, she never means
To raise her eyes, or turn her head!

Lady, most beautiful thou art,
And pride becomes thee 'mid the crowd;
But oh! with him who wins thy heart,
Thou'rt fond—weak—any thing but proud.

Resentment when he leaves her side,
Betrays the depth of woman's love!
And when she prattles of her pride,
What but her weakness doth she prove?

Why starts she now? why turns her head
With such a glance of gay delight?
Alas! forgetting all she said,
She smiles the moment he's in sight!

The weary watcher can command
No word to wound, no frown to chill;
The silent pressure of her hand
Assures him he is welcome still.

MIXED AS TO WORDS.

Curious ways of expressing ideas in English may be expected from foreigners, as, for instance, when the Frenchman, who paid a call in this country and was about to be introduced to a family, said: "Ah, ze ladies! Zen I vould before, if you please, vish to purify mine hands and sweep mine hair."

It is said that when a famous Scotch writer's aunt was dying, the good deaf old lady said: "Anne, if I should be spared to be taken away, I hope my nephew will get the doctor to open my head and see if anything can be done for my hearing."

A certain publican was complaining of his servant-maid that she could never be found when required. "She'll gang oot o' the house," said he, "twenty times for once she'll come in." It must have been a relative of his who roused her servant at four o'clock with: "Come, Mary, get up. Here 'tis Monday morning; to-morrow is Tuesday; the next day's Wednesday—half the week gone, and nothing done yet."

A Welsh landlord, who for some time had been annoyed by an obstreperous guest, walked across the room to him, and striking the table with his fist, shouted very volubly: "You haf kick up a row all day here to night! We was not interfere with you, do we? Efery man here mind his own bizness; yes, by Jingi no."

Pat, of course, is proverbial for his eloquent if rather novel and puzzling ways of putting things. A retired army surgeon in the north of Ireland had a humorous experience of this when often visited by the neighboring peasants who were anxious to avail themselves of his good nature and professional skill. One applicant for relief described himself as having "a great bi'lin' in his throat, an' his heart was as if ye had it in yer hand an' was squeezin' of it."

A traveler riding on the box of an Irish mail-coach on a cold day, and observing the driver enveloping his back in the voluminous folds of an ample "comforter," remarked: "You seem to be taking very good care of yourself, my friend." "Oh, to be sure I am, sir," answered the driver; "fur what's all the world to a man when his wife's a widdy?"

The following sentence occurred in an account of a burglary, published in an Irish newspaper: "After a fruitless search, all the money was recovered except one pair of boots."

A small boy while at play in the garden saw a black snake gliding through the grass. It was the first one he had ever seen. He became greatly excited over it, and rushed into the house, crying out: "Mamma, mamma! there's a tail out here runnin' along without nussin' on it."

A little girl had been told by her nurse that if she did not think so much by day she would dream less at night. "But I can't help thinking," she said; and added pathetically: "I cannot make my mind sit down."

"Could you show me the way to the cathedral?" asked a stranger. "Go round that corner and inquire for the glove shop; the cathedral is close by," was the odd reply of the intelligent native thus accosted.

Curious was the regimental order issued by a Hibernian colonel, which ran thus: "Col. Haggerty desires it distinctly understood that no passes for over twenty-four hours will be granted to the men unless written application is made for three days subsequent to the time the pass is wanted. Any man who applies for a pass and does not make use of it, must, before proceeding out of barracks on leave, or immediately he returns from leave, report that he wishes his pass cancelled to his pay-sergeant, else his indulgence will be stopped prior to the date of any such offence for a period of three weeks."

An amusing announcement was issued by a corn-cutter from Liege, living at Spa: "They extract the corns vidout the slitest pain. Cutt nales deformed vitch sproods in the fielsch—by a new methode vidout pain. They spokes French, Anglish, Italien, Spanitch, Portogeese, Dutch and Garman, vid equal fluency and rites."

Over a bridge in Georgia is the following: "Any person driving over this bridge in a pace faster than a walk, shall, if a white man, be fined five dollars, and, if a negro, receive twenty-five lashes, half the penalty to be bestowed on the informer."

In a small town near Avignon, the houses in the suburbs became flooded up to the level of the first floor. An enterprising resident distributed among his neighbors the following card: "M. Brochet, Professor of Swimming, is prepared to give lessons at the pupil's residence." The Professors may be said to have taken fortune at the flood.

A shop in London exhibits a card warning everybody against unscrupulous persons "who infringe our title to deceive the public." We are afraid the shopman does not quite say what he means any more than the proprietor of an eating-house, on the door of which may be seen the following announcement, conveying fearful intelligence to the gallant tars: "Sailors' vitals cooked here."

Perhaps as odd a way of putting things as any of the foregoing examples was furnished by a little Persian mendicant, who, following a gentleman, said: "Monsieur, give me just a penny. I'm an orphan by birth." The definition was worth it.

Grains of Gold.

Don't expect too much from those around you.

They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.

Life is half spent before one knows what life is.

He has much to do who would please everybody.

Who forces himself on others is to himself a load.

It is nothing to begin; perseverance is everything.

In struggling with misfortune lies the true proof of virtue.

Purposes, like eggs, will, unless they be hatched into action, run into decay.

Few are open to conviction, but the majority of men are open to persuasion.

Good things have to be engraved on the memory; bad ones stick there of themselves.

Every moment passing without repentance adds to the guilt and strength of sin unrepented of

There are many people who never know anything until they run against it, and then they know too much.

The man, says one of the early Greek philosophers, who is not content with little, is content with nothing.

When a high-minded man takes pains to atone for his injustice, his kindness of heart shows in the best and purest light.

One of the easiest things in the world to do is to find fault, and in no place are there so many opportunities for indulging in this kind of work as in the home.

To avoid the expression of what is evil and to cultivate the expression of what is good is well; but to banish the evil itself and to cherish the good is far better.

The life of a dependent being must ever be a life of faith, and the essential property of faith is obedience. This runs through all the relations of his life and those which concern the eternal future

Femininities.

Though the past haunt me as a spirit, yet I ask not to forget.

Cincinnati has a woman who faints every time the fire bells ring.

The Queen of Sweden is slowly dying. Her Majesty is 81 years of age.

A collection of 17,653 spools gladdens the heart of a young lady in Missouri.

In Cass county, Ind., 153 women have obtained divorces in the past 18 months.

You cannot alter your husband's character; the most you can do is to modify it.

Humanity is never so beautiful as when praying for forgiveness, or else forgiving another.

She that is choice of her time will also be choice of her company, and choice of her actions.

If you desire the permanent happiness of your children, teach them obedience and self-restraint.

The Indiana woman's prison and reformatory, near Indianapolis, is managed exclusively by women.

In the matter of speed there is a great similarity between a flash of lightning and a bit of scandal.

A miniature turtle, enameled in colors, true to nature, with diamond eyes, is a pleasing novelty in brooches.

Miss Phœbe W. Cozzens, the first woman United States Marshal, was formally installed in office in St. Louis recently.

Miss Phebe Harrod, of Newburyport, Mass., has completed her 101st year. She attributes her longevity to the fact that she never worries.

I think it must somewhere be written that the virtues of mothers shall, occasionally, be visited on their children, as well as the sins of fathers.

Lady, to friend calling: "You won't mind my going on with my work whilst you are here, will you?—then I shan't feel that I am wasting time."

Women's ways. Aunt: "Why have you broken off your engagement?" Niece: "Because he got it into his head that I intended to marry him. The idea!"

Gerald: "Mamma, was everybody little once?" Mamma: "Yes, Gerald." Gerald: "Well, what I want to know, mamma, is who took care of them?"

A German inventor has devised a machine for deadening the sound of the piano. Next to a machine for deadening pianists, this is a splendid discovery.

Delia: "How is Mrs. Grenadine lately? Is she perfectly reconciled to the loss of her husband?" Belle: "Yes, I think so. Her mourning fits beautifully.

Nellie Gould, daughter of Jay Gould, and probably the richest heiress in America, is not too proud to wait upon herself. There are no French maids in the Gould household.

Miss Ethel, to a married friend whom she has not seen for years, looking at portrait on wall: "Oh, that is your husband, is it? I know he must be good-looking—your children are so awful pretty!"

Noble, Queen Victoria's favorite collie, is dead. Noble was Conservative in politics, and on one occasion stole the mutton chop intended for Mr. Gladstone's breakfast when that gentleman was on an official visit to the Queen at Osborne.

"Why is it," asked a lady, "that so many men are anxious to get rid of their wives?" "Because," was the reply, "so far few women exert themselves after marriage to make their presence indispensable to the happiness of their husbands."

Mistress of the house, to small colored help: "Did you knock at Miss Adelaide's door when I sent you up with her lunch?" Small colored help, with preternatural gravity: "No, ma'am. W'at was de use of a knockin' at her do' w'en I knowed sure she was in dar?"

A newly-married lady was dilating to a female friend on the good qualities of her husband. Among other things, she she said that he always stayed at home in the evenings. "Yes," answered her friend, "I can quite believe that of John, as he always was one who did not care much for pleasure."

Young husband: "You gave a man something to eat yesterday, didn't you?" Young wife: "Yes, poor fellow." "Gave him some of your sponge cake, didn't you?" "Why, yes, so I did. Why?" "Nothing. The paper says the body of a man who had evidently died in great agony was found in the wood this morning."

Princess Irene of Hesse is doing her best to become a clever cook, and is taking lessons in that art under the chef at Balmoral. She is engaged to her cousin, Prince William of Prussia. The other day her Highness gave an exhibition of her skill by manufacturing a fearful and wonderful cake. Most of the royalties resident at Balmoral witnessed the proceedings.

"Yes," said Mrs. de Hobson, "Clara had an excellent opportunity to visit Europe last year in company with some friends; but I couldn't bear the idea of having the ocean between us." "It seems a pity, Mrs. Hobson," responded the caller; "a European trip does give such a tone to a society young lady." "I know it does; to those moving in the high circles that we do it is almost a necessity. I s'pose," concluded Mrs. de Hobson, half regretfully, "that I should have let her went."

It is related that one of the first things Queen Victoria did on hearing that William IV. was dead, and that she had succeeded to the throne, was to call one of her mother's ladies-in-waiting. "Am I really Queen?" asked the excited princess. "You are indeed, madam," replied the lady. "And can I do whatever I choose, by right?" "Most certainly, your Majesty." "Then get me a cup of green tea. Mamma never would let me have it; now I mean to know what harm it can do me." And the young Queen drank three cups, had a violent fit of the shivers, and has never liked tea since.

Masculinities.

Men are men; the best sometimes forget.

The silent man is often worth listening to.

He that would enjoy the fruit must not gather the flower.

A cunning man overreaches no one half as much as himself.

The man who is always ready for a rainy day seldom has a rainy day.

Men are more inclined to ask curious questions than to obtain necessary instruction.

When a man wants to find fault he will do so if he has to spend all his time looking for it.

Mrs. Livermore has discovered a boy who wants to be a girl. He is the only one on record.

He who thinks too much of himself will be in danger of being forgotten by the rest of the world.

Lord Houghton once said that social happiness consisted in being asked everywhere and in going nowhere.

In Singapore if a lover can catch his adored in a canoe race he can marry her. Hence the expression "canoebial bliss."

Des Moines has an anti-swearing society of 730 members. Once a week they go off hiding in the woods to relieve themselves.

The enterprise of the Western papers has reached such a pitch that a man can hardly burst his suspenders at a country dance without becoming historical.

The common thistle which now covers vast areas in South America was introduced by an Englishman, who sowed it believing it would prove valuable for fodder.

There is no man so great as not to have some littleness more predominant than all his greatness. Our virtues are the dupes, and often only the plaything of our follies.

A new title has been created for society women of a kind becoming quite numerous. It is "F. D. W.," and the initials stand for "Fashionable Divorced Woman."

You must not expect too much of human nature. A man cannot be generous in providing for his family and at the same time be liberal with his money at the saloon.

Little nephew: "Uncle, you must be a sort of cannibal, I—" Uncle, on a visit: "A what, sir? Wha'd'yer mean, sir?" Nephew: "'Cause ma said you was always livin' on somebody!"

Young mother, to her husband, in the act of finishing his toilet: "Run quick to the doctor's!" "Why?" "Baby's just swallowed your collar button." "How can I go to the doctor's without my collar button?"

Old friend: "Well, good-bye, my boy. I say, why don't you come up to dinner with me some time?" My boy: "Why, I will; of course will be glad to. When shall I come?" "Oh, come up—some time. Well, so long."

"You would be a much happier man if you wouldn't drink," said the temperance reformer. "Why don't you try a sober life?" "I have, and there's only one trouble about it." "What's that?" "The novelty wears off of it so blamed quick."

Louis Bayden, a blind man who died at Worcester, Mass., the other day, had his sense of touch so developed that he could tell the denomination of a bank note by feeling it, and in weeding a large garden he could always distinguish a young vegetable plant from a weed.

It was a part of the ancient military discipline among the Romans to order a delinquent to undergo blood-letting; and this was originally intended rather as a remedy than a punishment, in the idea that all who misbehaved were to be considered and treated as invalids or unsound.

"I say, pa, listen: 'When Freedom from her mountain height unfurled her banner to the air!' what do they call Freedom 'her' for?" queried an innocent little boy, who was learning the piece to speak at school. "You are too young to understand. Wait till you get married, my son."

"Your future husband seems very exacting; he has been stipulating for all sorts of things," said a mother to her daughter who was on the point of being married. "Never mind, mamma," said the affectionate girl, who was already dressed for the wedding; "these are his last wishes."

Visitor, to convict: "What are you in for, my friend?" Convict: "I got ten years at hard labor for swindling." Visitor: "Swindling is very bad. What labor do you have to do?" Convict: "I'm in the shoe department, sir. I cut the pieces of pasteboard which are put between the soles."

John Quincy Adams received an appointment last week in the Railway Mail Service, and will now sort letters, and ride on the cars free, in company with Daniel Webster, Andrew Johnson, Henry Clay and Andrew Jackson, all of whom serve their grateful country in the capacity of railway postal clerks.

He who seeks for and emphasizes the good in others is not only blessing and improving them, but himself also. Envy is thus laid low; all the more amiable qualities are brought out; the habit of giving happiness is in itself a joy, and the manifest benefits thus conferred are fully shared by the giver.

Not soil alone or sun alone gives strength and majesty to the sturdy oak, but also its exposure to the changes of seasons and its battles with the storms and winds. So it is through hardships well borne and trials cheerily met that man attains to the power and dignity of his full nature and the stability of his true manhood.

A Pittsfield, Ill., man is said to have made a big barrel churn on wheels. He goes through the country gathering the cream, and when he has secured the proper quantity returns home. On the way home he connects the churning gear, and as he drives along the churning goes on as the wagon goes along, and when he arrives there is nothing to do but take out the butter and draw off the buttermilk.

Recent Book Issues.

"Parodies," No. 47, contains a large list of imitations of the most popular English, Scotch and Irish songs of the past and present. It is a valuable publication. Issued at No. 196 Strand, London, England. Price, sixpence per number.

We have just received a quaint sort of book entitled "Letters From Heaven." The letters are supposed to be written by a mother in heaven to her son on earth. She describes herself as the wife of a German pastor, who is with her in heaven. Heaven is conceived, after the example of Luther, as a sanctified and transfigured earthly existence; and the special point of the volume is to illustrate, in an almost unending series of examples, the happy ways in which the heavenly life comes to the aid of the life on earth, rounding out its unfinished experience, rewarding its faithfulness, and filling in the lost or wanting chord which is required to raise life into a harmony. Funk & Wagnalls, publishers, New York. Price, $1.

No. 10 of "Ticknor's Paper Series" is represented by that strange novel, "Miss Ludington's Sister." Ideas, plot and characters are certainly not of the usual run of such matters, as they appear in the average story, and the novelty makes the book the more interesting. With its introduction of spiritualism, and the odd influences permeating the life of Miss Ludington, as well as its other marked features, the work altogether is decidedly entertaining. Ticknor & Co., publishers, Boston.

"A Speculator in Petticoats," by the celebrated French novelist, Hector Malot, is just published. The heroine, Madame Fourcy, belongs to a class which the last Empire made no uncommon one in Paris—a class of feminine speculators who watched the money market, and the rise and fall of stocks and securities, with a keen eye. The plot is good and the whole story decidedly interesting. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, publishers, Philadelphia. Price, 75 cents.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

After a sweet little poem by Edith M. Thomas in the October *Wide-Awake*, comes a stirring tale of adventure, shipwreck, smuggling and piracy, the hero of which was a boy full of Robinson Crusoe—a real boy, so he says—and the boy is Maurice Thompson who writes it. Grant Allen writes a graphic account of the wonderful "Pitcher Plant." The boys will greatly enjoy Henry Tyrrell's "Catskill Bear Story." Charles Egbert Craddock's powerful story comes to a satisfactory conclusion; Mrs. Catherwood's Wabash River serial, "The Secret of Roseladies," takes Sister, and the Mound Diggers, too, through strange adventures. There are very many other things that will greatly delight the boys and girls, not to mention the profusion of beautiful illustrations. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

Among the contributors to the October *Popular Science Monthly* are some of the most eminent scientific writers of the world. In the opening paper the question, "What is Evolution?" is well answered by Prof. Joseph Le Conte. The fourth of the valuable series, by Hon. David A. Wells, on "The Economic Disturbances Since 1873," we have before spoken of. "The Savagery of Boyhood," by John Johnson, Jr., is an instructive study of certain traits peculiar to that age. In "The Oldest Noble of Them All," Prof. Carl Vogt gives a very interesting account of the zoological family of the Brachiopods as the most ancient of the animal races, whose remains are found very abundantly in the oldest geological formations. Of rare, curious and varied interest is Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming's "Strange Medicines." The frontispiece portrait is that of Karl Wilhelm Scheele, with a sketch of this eminent Swedish scientist. These are but a few of the valuable things in this number of a monthly that eminently fills an important place of its own in literature. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

The Forum, in the October number, is, as always, true to its name, for the great interests of the nation are discussed without regard to the political proclivities of the authors of the articles. The opening paper is by Hon. John G. Carlisle, in which he attempts to show why the nation should have "The Continuance of Democratic Rule." Bishop F. D. Huntington contributes a very valuable paper on "Education and Lawlessness," while Judge William D. Kelley writes strongly about "The Treasury Surplus." Prof. Thomas Davidson has a thoughtful article on "Aristocracy and Humanity." The brilliant Chicago clergyman, Rev. J. Coleman Adams, contributes a hopeful and very able article on the question "Is America Europeanizing?" Jeannette L. Gilder tells in this number of the books that have helped her, and Richard A. Proctor has a bright and spicy paper on the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, entitled, "Ousting Shakspeare." The other articles are: "The Anathema of the Roman Church," by Prof. E. J. V. Huligan; "Queen Victoria's Reign," by General Viscount Wolseley; "What is the Subject of Life?" by Prof. J. Peter Lesley; "The New Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Alice Wellington Rollins. The Forum Publishing Co., New York.

History furnishes no parallel to the popularity of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. 25 cents.

Johnny has stumped his toe, poor fellow! Quick—buy a bottle of Salvation Oil.

MEASURING TIME.

THE Greeks and Romans derived their methods of measuring time from the ancient Egyptians. According then to this system a day was divided into two parts—daylight and night.

Daylight corresponded with the period between sunrise and sunset; night with the period between sunset and sunrise. Daylight consisted of twelve hours; so did the night.

Each day thus consisted, as with us, of twenty-four hours; these hours, however, were continually varying in length. In the summer the daylight hours were much longer than the night hours and the winter daylight hours; the winter night hours were much longer than the summer night hours and the winter daylight hours—in fact, the length of an hour varied every day.

The significance of such a mistake does not appear to us at once; it is evident, however, that no such work of art as a railway guide or a nautical almanac could have possibly been produced under such circumstances.

Not until 340 B. C. do we come upon a sun-dial—the earliest instrument used for measuring time—whose description has been handed down to us.

This dial was constructed by the Chaldean astronomer, Berosus, and consisted of a hollow hemisphere placed with the cavity uppermost. At the centre of the sphere—i. e., at a point equidistant from and on a level with the rim of the hemisphere—was fixed a bead, whose shadow during sunshine would thus fall on the inside of the hemisphere, describing an arc from east to west. The arcs so described were equal in length each day, and represented the period of daylight. They were divided into twelve equal parts, each part representing an hour.

Consequently, as the shadow of the bead traversed these equal parts at different rates on different days, the duration of the hours of one day differed from the duration of the hours of the next, and so on. Thus the conception of unequal hours grew out of the method whereby time was first measured.

After the sun-dial came the clepsydra, or water clock, which was introduced among the Romans by Publius Scipio Nasica, who "established a public clepsydra to indicate the hours both of day and night"—the sun-dial being useless on cloudy days and in the night.

Pompey turned the clepsydra to good account. Previous to this time the speakers in the courts were at liberty to speak as long as they felt disposed. Pompey, however, framed a law, which may be taken as the first species of closure, whereby speeches were to be limited by clepsydræ.

Pliny mentions a case in which he was engaged once when ten large clepsydræ were given him, four others being added, as the case was deemed important. When the water had run out of the clepsydræ the speaker had to stop.

Amongst these instruments the most celebrated was constructed by Ctesibius, of Alexandria. It was ornamented in a most elaborate manner; thus "the water which indicated the progress of time flowed in the form of tears from the eyes of a human figure; its head was bent with age, its look dejected, and it seemed to pay a tribute of sincere regret to the fleeting moments as they passed." Many other suggestive human figures adorned this clepsydra.

Just as the sun-dial favored the conception of unequal hours, the clepsydra, sand-glass and other instruments, favored the idea of equal hours.

The sun-dial, however, was first in the field, and its effect was to delay for centuries any real progress towards our present perfect methods of measuring time.

The first man to introduce our equal hour theory was Abul-Hassan, an Arabian horologist, who lived in the 13th century. Not, however, until the 16th century was Abul-Hassan's idea thoroughly taken up.

PIGMIES OF AFRICA.—Herodotus speaks of pigmies as a race of little men and women living in Africa. Since that day travelers have brought back from that continent reports of such people being seen or heard of in the interior. Of late it has been the fashion to discredit Herodotus and all writers who repeat or corroborate his stories. As it happens, however, a German explorer proves that the early writers were correctly informed.

He has found in the country along the south branch of the Congo whole villages of tiny men and women, of a height not more than four feet and seven inches. They are known as Batua. Their villages, consisting of huts, are met with in clearings in the forests, which cover the greater part of the country.

Among their neighbors the Batua are regarded as little, benevolent beings, whose mission it is to provide the tribes among they live with game and palm wine. In exchange, maize and bananas are given to the pigmies. These happy relations between the little people and their neighbors will remind the reader of the way in which the fairies and brownies used to be looked upon by our ancestors.

The Batua excel in the art of climbing palm trees to collect the sap, and in setting traps for game. Their agility is almost incredible. In hunting they bound through the high grass like grasshoppers, and face the elephant, antelope and buffalo with the greatest boldness, shooting their arrows with rare precision, and following up quickly with a stroke of the lance.

Physically the Batua are very well made, having absolutely no deformity. They are simply little people, very brave and very cunning. Their mean height is four feet and three inches. Their skin is a yellow brown, less dark than that of larger races. Their hair is short and woolly. They have no beard.

THE BEST GIFT.—He was not only a good-looking young farmer, but also a steady worker, and practical in his ideas. It seems that last summer among the guests at the principal hotel was a very pretty young girl, who was spending a few weeks there with her mother.

She was decidedly West English in her manners, and of rather a coquettish and romantic nature. The young man in question became very much struck with the young woman's attractions, and was quite devoted in his attentions. Young men are scarce there, and the city maiden was by no means loth to accept the attentions of the good-looking young farmer.

One night the couple were sitting near the windows of the hotel parlor, and a certain person sitting near one of these windows overheard their conversation. The moon was shining brightly and the crickets chirruped merrily, which fact may have prompted the maiden to coyly ask: "What is God's best gift to man?"

Having asked the question, she blushed a little, and let her long, sweeping lashes hide for a moment her downcast eyes.

But the young man was equal to the occasion, and, after hesitating a few moments he answered confidently, "A horse."

The moonbeams were just as bright, and the crickets still continued their song, but the maiden was suddenly brought back from her romantic world to the practical realities of a farmer's life.

EMPRESS, BUT WITHOUT A HOME.—The following is the latest story that is told about the Empress Eugenie, who has ever been a striking figure since the day she claimed Napoleon III with the wreaths of violets which she wore in her golden hair. "'Twas morning then, but now the night has come." A few days ago, says the chronicler, a visitor to the Marcus Church at Venice, where the ex-empress is now staying, observed a lady dressed in deepest mourning, kneeling in long, silent prayer, before one of the side altars. When at last she rose, she looked about her in search of something which she missed, and then walked slowly away, and supporting herself by the wall, towards the entrance. The stranger politely offered his arm, which was gratefully accepted, the lady meanwhile explaining that one of the beggars must have taken her silver-headed walking-stick away, without which she was "very helpless." Outside the church two liveried footmen were waiting; the stranger on retiring offered his address card (alas, for cruel Nemesis, he was a German from Berlin!) glancing at which the lady was seen to shudder slightly and then return the civility by whispering: "Empress Eugenie, and—homeless."

WHAT NOSES DENOTE.—A new journal is to appear as the organ of the science of nozography. It is desirable that the nose should be as long as possible, being a sign of merit, power, and genius. For example, Napoleon and Cæsar both had large noses. A straight nose denotes a just, serious, fine, judicious, and energetic mind; the Roman nose, a propensity for adventure; and a whole nose, with wide open nostrils, is a mark of great sensuality. A cleft nose denotes benevolence; it was the nose of St. Vincent de Paul. The curved, fleshy nose is a mark of domination and cruelty. Catherine de Medici and Elizabeth of England had noses of this kind. The curved, thin nose, on the contrary, is the mark of a brilliant mind, but vain, and disposed to be ironical. It is the nose of a dreamer, a poet, or a critic. If the nose be turned up it denotes that its owner has a weak mind, sometimes coarse, and generally playful, pleasant, or frolicsome.

"Fwat's this I hear y're gaun to dee, Jeanuie?" said an Aberdeen lass to another young woman. "Weel, Maggie, lass, I'm just gaun to marry that farm ower by there, and live wi' the bit mannie on't."

WANAMAKER'S

There shouldn't be one who comes to this city without knowing that Wanamaker's is a resting and waiting and meeting place, as well as the biggest Dry Goods and General Store in the World.

Cream Sangtier, 37½ cents from $1.50.
Black Sangtier, 41 in., was 65c; now 39.
14 inch Black Wool Lace, 50c; were $1.
Table Linen, 62 inch bleached damask, 38 cents.
Napkins to match, $1.10 a dozen.
All linen Handkerchiefs, children's size, 50c. dozen.
Ponson's Black Grosgrain Silks, $1.25 to $1.75.
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Cashmere Shawls, drab, scra, cardinal, blue, pink, and wine, from 75c; creams from $1.25.
Women's black lisle half-hose, 25 cents.
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Send a letter for samples or goods, if you can't come to the Store yourself.

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In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, Radway's Ready Relief will afford instant ease. It instantly relieves and soon cures

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DR. RADWAY: With me your Relief has worked wonders. For the last three years I have had frequent and severe attacks of sciatica, sometimes extending from the lumbar regions to my ankles, and, at times, in both lower limbs.

During the time I have been afflicted I have tried almost all the remedies recommended by wise men and fools, hoping to find relief, but all proved to be failures.

I have tried various kinds of baths, manipulations, outward applications of liniments too numerous to mention, and prescriptions of the most eminent physicians, all of which failed to give me relief.

Last September, at the urgent request of a friend (who had been afflicted as myself), I was induced to try your remedy. I was then suffering horribly with one of my old turns. To my surprise and delight the first application gave me ease, after bathing and rubbing the parts affected, leaving the limb in a warm glow, created by the Relief. In a short time the pain passed entirely away, although I have slight periodical attacks approaching a change of weather. I know now how to cure myself, and feel quite master of the situation. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is my friend. I never travel without a bottle in my valise. Yours truly,
GEO. STARR.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for Every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs. It was the First and is the Only PAIN REMEDY

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

Malaria in Its Various Forms Cured and Prevented.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

R. R. R. not only cures the patient seized with Malaria, but if people exposed to the Malarial poison will every morning take 20 or 30 drops of Ready Relief in water, and eat, say a cracker, before going out, they will prevent attacks.

Travellers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

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The Great Blood Purifier

For the cure of all chronic diseases, Chronic rheumatism, scrofulous complaints, etc., glandular swelling, hacking dry cough, cancerous affections, bleeding of the lungs, dyspepsia, water brash, white swellings, tumors, ulcers, hip disease, gout, dropsy, rickets, salt rheum, bronchitis, consumption, liver complaints, etc.

HEALTH! BEAUTY!

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound, and your complexion fair, use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The wonderful cures effected by the Sarsaparillian Resolvent; its powers over the kidneys in establishing a healthy secretion of urine, curing diabetes, inflammation or irritation of the bladder, albuminous or brick dust deposits or white sand, etc., establishing its character as A GREAT CONSTITUTIONAL REMEDY.

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The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy,

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

PERFECT DICESTION

Will be accomplished by taking one of Radway's Pills every morning about ten o'clock, as a dinner pill. By so doing

SICK HEADACHE

Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of the blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness of weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

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FICTION AND FACT.

The story-writer stretched and yawned,
And said, "I have done a good night's work;
The rosy morning has not yet dawned,
And I've finished my tale of 'The Deacon's Dirk.'
He has murdered his aged uncle in bed,
And taken a dozen bags of gold,
And a rich man's daughter, and merrily fled
To sea to become a pirate bold.

"In Chapter I. he has cut the ears
Off seventeen desperate mutineers;
He has hanged from the yardarm about a score,
And vivisected a small lot more;
He has rescued eleven Circassian girls,
And killed three traders in Indian pearls;
He has caused a number of shocking wrecks,
And painted vermilion a number of decks.

"And four times he has escaped from jail
By carving the keepers in pieces fine;
And the ultimate chapter would turn you pale,
For the deaths must average two per line;—
And business is bad if this book can fail."

* * * * * *

And his wife stole into the room just then,
As a wail was heard from the room in the rear;
And she said, "Will you wipe your gory pen,
And take a spell at the baby, dear?"

U. S. NOXE.

A good life preserver—Food.

Dry toast—"Success to temperance."

Dangerous elevators—Whisky straights.

One thing more blessed to give than receive—Advice.

The road to fortune for the chiropodist is the tow path.

A party question—"At what time will supper be ready.

It is only married men who want but little car below.

A woman always looks under the bed for a man. A man goes out between sets to look for him.

Lady, in grocery store: "Let me have a pound of butter, please." Clerk, who used to sell cigars: "Mild or strong?"

"Death from lead poisoning" is the expression used by a Colorado jury to specify a gambler's fate in a shooting affray.

What does a chiropodist mean when he advertises that he has "removed corns from several of the crowned heads of Europe?"

Brown, soliloquizing at 9 A. M.: "I wish all words in the English language wuzzupelt with an 'sh.' Ithinkshomush cashier to stay."

"Now, how must I do with this wedding cake to dream on it?" asked a gushing damsel of a matter-of-fact young man. "Just eat it, that's all," was the reply.

Mother: "How do you like Mr. De Snoodle?" Daughter: "Oh, he's just lovely—such an educated man! I didn't understand half what he was talking about."

"Do not put your feet on the cushions!" is an injunction read occasionally in a railway car. "Or you will dirty your boots!" was added to it one day by a cynical traveler.

An article on the education of the blind is attracting great attention. If the article tells how a blind may be taught not to slam and creak on a windy night it is a masterpiece.

Mother: "Why are you crying, Fanny?" Fanny: "Tommy—boohoo—hit me as hard as he could with that big stick. Hit me again, Tommy, so ma can see how you did hit—boohoo!"

"Has George proposed yet, dear?" "No, ma; but he did the next thing to it last evening." "What did he do?" "He asked me if I thought paregoric injurious to teething children."

Teacher: "Have animals a capacity for affection?" Class: "Nearly all." Teacher: "Correct. Now, what animal possesses the greatest affection for man?" Little girl: "Woman."

Judge: "Have you anything to say before the court passes sentence upon you?" Prisoner: "Well, all I have got to say is, I hope your honor'll consider the extreme youth of my lawyer, an' let me off easy."

"Madam," said the tramp, "I'm hungry enough to eat raw dog." "Well," she responded, kindly suiting the action to the word, "I'll whistle some up for you." The tramp left, taking his appetite with him.

Old lady, to cabby, who has just brought back an umbrella left by her in his cab: "Oh, cabman, please accept my best thanks!" Cabby: "Beg parding, mum, but I don't think I've a pocket big enough to put 'em in!"

A young physician who had recently hung out his sign, came home one day in high spirits. "Do you know, my dear," he said to his wife, "I'm really becoming quite well known here. The undertakers bow to me already."

Young wife, weeping: "You promised to love and cherish me forever, and we have only been married two years and now what has become of your everlasting love and affection." Young husband: "Great Scott! you are always kicking about something. How long did you suppose this everlasting love was going to last, anyhow?"

In a traveling menagerie the keeper, showing off his animals to a large audience, pointed to a cage where a furious lion was pawing the floor, and pompously announced that he would give a thousand florins to whoever would enter that cage. "I will," said a starved looking gipsy, stepping forward. "You will?" said the keeper, looking contemptuously at the small, puny figure. "Very well, then, walk in," and he made a feint of opening the door. "Stop in." "Certainly," said the gipsy. "I have no sort of objection to earning a thousand florins so easily; but I only wait until you remove that very unpleasant animal which now occupies the cage."

WIVES AND WIDOWS.—Like most national proverbs, those of Scotland press hardly on wives and widows. "Ne'er marry a widow," says one, "unless her first husband was hanged;" and as for a wife, "Wae's the wife that wants the tongue but weel's the man that gets her." And again, "'I'm but beginning yet,' quoth the wife when she went mad." Worse still, "A dish of married love soon grows cold."

THE electric light in the uplifted hand of the Statue of Liberty, on Bedloe's Island, is proving wonderfully fatal to birds, which are attracted by the great glare. On a recent morning 1875 dead bodies, actual count, were found about the statue, among them being specimens of more than one hundred distinct species. The largest bird was a Canadian woodpecker. It measured thirteen inches from wing to wing, and its girth was correspondingly great. The smallest bird was a lovely plumaged humming bird.

First American anarchist, just shown to his room in the hotel: "Gottlieb, for Heaven's sake come here! What is that strange substance on the dressing-case?" Second American anarchist, trembling: "It must be a new kind of bomb. The capitalists are plotting to destroy us! Let us fly!" First anarchist: "Stay—let's question the rascally landlord." Rings bell. Landlord, in response to excited inquiries: "That, gentlemen, is a ball of soap!"

A citizen of Providence, R. I., makes many a dollar by catching bats, which he sells to taxidermists for fifty cents apiece. He fastens a fish-hook to the end of a long horsewhip, and on the hook he fastens a moth miller. Then, standing near an electric light in the evening he waves the whip until one of the many bats which are hunting the insects that fly around the light grabs the miller, and then he yanks him in.

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Latest Fashion Phases.

There is no doubt that the popularity of plaid and chequered materials is rapidly ceasing. Will it suddenly burst into life again for the winter? It is possible but not probable; at any rate for the present plaids show a decided diminution in number.

The simpler the style of a skirt, the more elegant it is, according to taste at present: Long, soft draperies harmonizing with the lines of the figure, very moderate tournures, no steels at the back; these are a few of the characteristics of autumn toilets.

Foundation skirts should be, if possible, of silk, because silk is light, sustaining and hangs well. The edge of this silk foundation is simply hemmed, a balayeuse of pinked-out silk forming a becoming finish, which can match the toilette or merely the ribbon bows.

For instance, a dress of Suede foulard spotted with red would have the tunic draped with red faille bows, the balayeuse being of red faille also, pinked out at the edge.

On gray dresses, that is mixed black and white grays, the balayeuse is frequently of chequered black and white silk. The effect is excellent, the whole toilette of chequered black and white foulard is very popular as a demi-saison costume for half-mourning, as somehow or other it always is. As the season advances it is taking the place of the pretty gray zephyrs—mixed black and white threads—trimmed with wide flounce and edgings of Madeira embroidery worked with white cotton on the zephyr.

Foulard is still in immense request, also bengaline and crepe de Chine, especially in novel distinctive shades like grayish blue, Danube-blue, copper-reds, antique pinks, etc.

Danube-blue foulard spotted with white makes up prettily, the corsage having a little plastron of white gauze finished with a pleated gauze dog-collar closed by a ribbon. A revere of velvet on the left is a distinguished addition, finishing in a point in the centre of the basques, and held at the waist with two metal buttons.

The great value of these foulards consist in the fact that they are not too light in appearance, and though cool on hot days, do not look out of place in colder weather, when a small mantle can be added with advantage.

Blue, a little discarded during the spring and summer in favor of beige and pure white, seems to be a decidedly favorite autumn shade, especially a darkish blue, a medium between navy-blue and violet.

Foulards of this shade are spotted or striped usually with silver-white, although red is permissible in place of the white. Such foulards make very pretty polonaises, with full fronts ganged into the shoulder-seams, and open over quite a fanciful plastron.

The corsage front should be long-waisted, and the full fronts should not be loose. To ensure this appearance a ring is sewn at the lower edge of the full front, and is passed beneath the hook on the corset to avoid the possibility of the front wrinkling and rising too high.

Blue surah is as fashionable almost as blue foulard, especially if combined with a brochè material. A really elegant toilette is of blue surah and fancy blue and gold silk. The full skirt is of the fancy material. The surah tunic is long and well-draped, but has nothing remarkable about it.

The corsage is a lovely model. It is a sort of blouse, pleated on each side of the plastron, which is of the fancy material. The back is finely pleated, the pleats being sewn a little above the waist, where it is finished by a ribbon belt closing with a gold buckle. The sleeve is finely pleated to the elbow, below which it is finished with a close-fitting under-sleeve of the fancy silk. Nearly all the corsages of soft silk have these full fichu fronts with plastrons of brochè or velvet.

The open jacket corsage is being made in a variety of elegant materials. To wear over a black lace skirt, one model is of the black point d'esprit tulle, striped with insertion of black gauze ribbon edged with satin cords. It is lined with jonquil satin. The trimming is loops of the gauze ribbon, forming a jabot in front and edging the basques. The sleeve is lined with the jonquil satin, on which the pekin tulle is frilled by two rows of ganging at the elbow. The ganging is covered with a ribbon band which ties at the back, finished by a long-flowing bow. The full blouse plastron is of jonquil silk, secured at the waist by a belt of the gauze ribbon.

Woolen costumes have taken the place of cotton materials. A pretty costume is made thus: The pleated skirt is of gray serge, the tunic being of the same, edged with gray ball fringe. A scarf of striped red and gray silk drapes the tunic on the left, the ends being fringed, and a similar bow of the pekin is placed on the right near the point of the corsage.

The corsage of gray serge is open in eccentric points over a long plastron of pekin surah; the basques are edged with the ball fringe. The elbow sleeves have the upper part cut away to show a full length panel of the pekin. A gray sailor-hat trimmed with pekin ribbon completes the costume.

Another is a more dressy toilet, of the new blue foulard, with pekin blue and white panels. The skirt is very elegantly draped, and shows a narrow panel of the pekin faille up each side. The tablier falls in a series of rich, graceful pleats.

The corsage has a pekin plastron, outlined with foulard revers buttoned back to the corsage, the basques on each side being turned back in a similar manner. The basques are long and pleated at the back. A wide revers collar and paroments are of pekin.

An elegant toilette for visiting or walking on the esplanade is of Danube-blue faille. The skirt is plain, edged with a deep revers of silk lace exactly matching it in color. The tunic is long and pleated, and totally conceals the skirt on the right. The back drapery falls in graceful coquilles, and covers the basques of the corsage at the back.

The silk corsage has very short basques at the sides, which extend into a sharp point in front. A collarette of lace encircles the neck, spreading out in front into a long-pointed plastron. The dog-collar is also of lace. The sleeves are very close-fitting, ornamented above with deep epaulettes of lace. There are no paroments, as the sleeves disappear beneath the long Suede gloves of Danube-blue.

The hat is of fancy white straw, the crown draped with white gauze and ornamented with a bow of Danube-blue ribbon on the right side towards the front. The en-tout-cas is of Danube-blue silk, with a bow of the same color on the handle.

The pinked-out flounces of silk to cover underskirts are becoming more and more fashionable. Entire skirts are flounced to the waist, with just a light tablier and small back drapery of some very transparent or delicate material.

A stylish model is made with seven pinked-out flounces of shot faille, a draped tablier of tulle embroidered in wide stripes with cable threads of several colors.

The corsage is of light beige cloth. It has short basques, but the fronts are open in an original fashion. The upper part shows a brown velvet waistcoat, across which are arranged two deep braided points of cloth in one with the fronts, that of the right front fastening on the left. Below two points on the right front fasten on the left with clasps similar to that which holds the first strap. The neck is cut away a little all around to show the velvet under-bodice and the whole edge of the corsage, neck, fronts, straps and basques, is handsomely braided. The long sleeves are braided up each inner seam, and are finished with velvet paroments. The dog-collar, secured to the velvet under-bodice, is of braided cloth.

The hat is of beige straw, the wide brim, open in front, being lined with brown velvet. A high large bow or drapery of beige faille is arranged on the crown in the middle of the front, rising much above the crown.

Silk guipure is being employed to trim chapeaux, that lovely silk lace, one of the most prominent of the French industries which has lately been put on the shelf in favor of Chantilly. If the present signs mean anything, however, we shall soon see the two in equal favor.

A very pretty ribbon has come out of shot-pink moire. The pink is a curious shade, partaking of salmon and apricot shades, with warm lights across it of the same colors. It is employed as bows on white straw capelines, and as straps and belts for white embroidered or lace evening toilettes.

Odds and Ends.

SOME FRENCH DISHES.

We give a few of the dishes most commonly used in French cookery to form one or other of the different courses at table. A favorite one is what is called a *vol-au-vent*. This is a case made of light puff paste. It is generally procured ready-made at the pastry cook's, and filled with different preparations. The most popular is fowl cut into small pieces, along with a white sauce and little balls of forcemeat, hard-boiled eggs, mushrooms, etc. It is often filled with mushrooms alone. The contents must be thoroughly cooked before being put into the case, and all must be served hot. We give the following recipe for cooking the mushrooms:

Peel and throw them into a little water mixed with vinegar. This prevents them from turning black. Put them for a few minutes into boiling water, slightly salted. Drain and put them back into the saucepan with butter, salt and pepper; shake them well, add a little flour, and stock or cream, and let them simmer slowly for half an hour. The sauce may be thickened by adding a yolk of egg beat up with a little water. Take the saucepan off the fire, to prevent curdling, and stir in the egg until the sauce thickens. These mushrooms may be either put into the case we have described, or served either on buttered toast or bread fried in butter.

Another favorite dish is macaroni, which is thus prepared: Take about half a pound of macaroni to nearly a quart of water or stock. When the liquid boils put in the macaroni, broken into small bits, with a little pepper; cover and let it simmer. When it becomes soft and all the liquid is absorbed, put in half a pound of grated cheese and a bit of butter. Shake the saucepan, and do not stir the macaroni in any way so as to break it. The cheese generally used contains salt enough for the dish, but if desired highly flavored, salt may be added, and even a little mustard also.

Macaroni au gratin is prepared first as directed above. Then butter a dish which may be put in the oven, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, and put in the oven from half an hour to an hour. The top should be browned. Serve in the dish in which it has been cooked. This excellent and satisfying dish may be rendered still more appetising by adding a little minced ham and an egg. It is then, in fact, a savory pudding, and those who like it rarely feel disposed to partake of any other course. The stock may be replaced by milk or extract of meat diluted with water. The breadcrumbs used by French cooks, as we have already stated, are those of toasted bread or a kind of rusk. Where economy is studied, this dish of itself makes a good dinner without any other course of meat. The cheese generally used is any good American or English cheese.

As to the vegetables which are served alone, the most common is cauliflower, with a simple white sauce corresponding to our melted butter. It is always cut into little branches, and the stalk is peeled before being boiled. It is generally seasoned with nutmeg. Arranged more elaborately with butter and breadcrumbs, it is called *choufleur au gratin*. The cauliflower is first boiled, then put into a buttered dish, covered with little bits of butter, sprinkled with breadcrumbs on the top, seasoned with nutmeg and browned in the oven. The same may be mixed with grated cheese, exactly as we have described for the macaroni. A little water or stock may be put in to keep it moist.

Some other vegetables are often served alone, such as green peas at the beginning of the season, French beans, asparagus, etc. The last mentioned is generally served as a separate course in the following manner: Hard-boiled eggs cut in two are put on a separate dish, and minced parsley on another. The sauce, also served separately, is simply oiled butter, and each person mixes the egg, parsley and butter on his plate, and seasons the mixture according to his taste. Served in this way, asparagus forms a satisfying part of a dinner.

A very pretty little dish often presented at French tables is ramikins. The name is to be seen in common cookery books, with various recipes for its preparation, but the dish itself is seldom seen at our tables. The best we have tasted are made from grated cheese, mixed with a white sauce and yolk of egg. This mixture must be thick enough to remain on slices of buttered toast. The whites of the eggs are beat into a froth, put on the top, and then the slices are either set in the oven or in the convenient pot of fat, the *friture*.

A DANGEROUS FRIEND.—Magistrate: "What excuse have you for striking this man on the head with a billiard cue?"

Prisoner: "That man and myself were intimate friends. We were playing billiards together, and he, making a miss, said, "I am an awkward ass," whereupon I hit him with my cue, for he was my friend. I was not going to stand by and let him call a friend of mine calls himself an ass, I'll pound the life out of him. There is nothing I won't do for a friend."

"So you have a step-mother?" she said to the little girl of seven. "Yes." "Well, I feel sorry for you." "Oh, you needn't!" was the reply. "Please feel sorry for pa."

Confidential Correspondents.

LYNDE.—An introduction to a gentleman at a ball does not warrant his claiming your acquaintance afterward.

MACLURE.—If the shop be in the same house which you mention, the goods can be seized for rent throughout the entire premises.

P.—Bathing the head constantly with salt-water is apt to make the hair rough and coarse, but cannot weaken it; on the contrary.

A. SUB.—It is not polite or genteel to ask a lady for a lock of her hair, unless, when engaged, you are about to separate for a length of time.

CONTEST.—Possession of land for twenty-one years gives good title, if the parties be under no legal disability. This is true not only of a whole lot but of a strip inclosed by wrong location of a fence.

TIMES.—Liberia is an independent negro republic of Western Africa, established by natives of the United States. England has no connection with Liberia, except such as it has with any other foreign country.

W. L.—There are over three hundred and forty colleges and universities in the United States. Pennsylvania alone has twenty-five, New York and Illinois have twenty-eight a piece, and Ohio has thirty-four.

GEORGE K.—It is totally out of our power to recommend persons what situations they ought to take, or how they are to obtain them, otherwise than by advertisement in the daily newspapers or by the interest of their own friends.

Y. A. H.—Your answer was a proper one, under the circumstances. It was rude and ill-mannered for the young man to send a neighbor's boy to you to ask you to go to church with him. It is the young man's business to explain the matter to you. You should simply treat him politely when you meet him.

ELLICOTT.—Your mother is right, as you will understand when you have daughters of your own to look after. If the mother of your betrothed would invite two or three of your girl friends to visit her along with you, it would be proper for you to accept her invitation, provided the other girls also accepted it.

PAUL.—Your girl loves another, does she? Well, how can you help that? You might as well quarrel with the stars for not shining when you are in a humor to be meditative and poetical. Resign yourself to your destiny; be prudent, industrious, honorable, and gentlemanly, and the girl who will love you will soon make her appearance.

J. D.—We do not think the young man cares very much for you, and the signs you speak of, indicate you think more of him than you should. You are evidently a girl of strong feeling, and it often happens, where a selfish man perceives the presence of warm sentiments, conscious of power to excite them, he makes a bad use of it. We think you should give him up. Your doing so might make him avow his real feelings towards you.

S. J. M.—That is a very plain law, and it is also a very rigid one. If a custodian of public money even deposits it in a bank that he is not authorized to deposit it in, or if he exchanges it for other money in an unauthorized way, or uses it himself, or loans it to anybody, he is guilty of embezzlement. It has been held that even the most temporary unauthorized use of public money by an officer of the Government is embezzlement, irrespective of the officer's intentions in using it.

DOG.—"Atlantis" is the title of an allegorical fiction written by Lord Bacon. It is also the name of an imaginary island, described by Bacon, in his story, as situated in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. He represents himself as having been wrecked on this island, and as having found there a model society of model people. They were very studious and learned, and constituted an association for the cultivation of natural science and the promotion of improvement in the arts. They were delightful people to Lord Bacon, but would have been terrible bores to mankind in general.

SOUTH.—The authorized pronounciation of Darien (the Isthmus) is Dah-ri-en, with an accent on the last syllable. Nearly everybody, however, pronounces it Day-ri-en. There are several towns and villages named Darien in different parts of the United States, and every one of them is called Day-ri-en. This has so fixed the pronounciation of the word in common speech that the name of the Isthmus is also pronounced Day-ri-en by the majority of people. There was an attempt made to found a Scotch colony on the Isthmus of Darien at the close of the seventeenth century, which resulted in terrible suffering to the colonists, and the loss of about two thousand lives.

C. A. R.—Some distinguished physicians say that a perfectly healthy child, nourished with proper food, and breathing a pure atmosphere, would not suffer at all in the process of teething. It is also said that the infants of Indians pass through that ordeal without suffering. This indicates that when infants have plenty of fresh air, and are not pampered with sweetmeats or other health destroyers, they stand a chance of getting through their teething with comparatively little suffering. It is also said that when young children are fed with salted or highly seasoned food it makes teething a serious affair to them. Simple and nutritious food, plenty of play, an abundance of fresh air, and daily bathing in tepid water, are recommended for children who are passing through the teething stage.

ALFRED.—This correspondent says a young lady sent him a scarlet geranium, and asks, "What does that mean in the language of flowers?" The young lady was not very complimentary, as we leave you to judge from the following anecdote: Madame de Staël disliked insipidity or commonplaceness, especially in men. One day a handsome Swiss officer was introduced to her, and she put forth all her remarkable powers to please him. He was dumb. She put to him several questions to which he could not help giving a direct reply. Alas! he was stupid. Madame, enraged, said to him, "You are like my gardener. This morning he brought me a pot of beautiful geranium, but I made him take the flower, and never let me see any of it any more!" "Why?" asked the astonished young man. "Because," answered Madame, tartly, "the geranium is a very nice scarlet flower—it pleases the eye very much; but if you press it ever so lightly it gives out a very disagreeable odor." So saying, Madame swept from the room, leaving the young Swiss with a face far redder than the dashing red coat he wore on his back.